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*Nathaniel Stonard.*

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XH 70







THE  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Vol. VII.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING  
KING RICHARD III.  
KING HENRY VIII.  
CORIOLANUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,  
T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and  
SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON,  
C. DILLY, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,  
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T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E. NEWBERRY.

MDCCCLXXXV.



# RICHARD III.

**VOL. VII.**

**B**

## Persons Represented.

King Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.* } *Sons to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of York,*

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

*A young Son of Clarence.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloster, Brother to Edward IV. afterwards King Richard III.*

Cardinal Bouchier, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Archbishop of York.*

*Bishop of Ely.*

*Duke of Buckingham.*

*Duke of Norfolk. Earl of Surrey.*

*Earl Rivers, brother to K. Edward's Queen.*

*Marquis of Dorset, } her sons.*

*Lord Grey,*

*Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

*Lord Hastings.*

*Sir Thomas Vaughan.*

*Sir Richard Ratcliff.*

*Lord Lovel.*

*Sir William Catesby.*

*Sir James Tyrrel.*

*Lord Stanley.*

*Earl of Oxford.*

*Sir James Blount.*

*Sir Walter Herbert.*

*Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.*

*Lord Mayor.*

*Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.*

*Queen Margaret, Widow of Henry VI.*

*Anne, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*

*Dutcheß of York, Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.*

*Sheriff, Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghosts, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

# L I F E and D E A T H O F K I N G R I C H A R D I I I.

---

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*England.*

*London. A Street.*

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.*

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York<sup>1</sup>;

And

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Death of King Richard III.*] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworthfield, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. THEOBALD.

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. See the notes at the conclusion of this play, which was first enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence*. Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad*. It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song, ballad, book, enterlude and play*, were often synonymously used. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *this sun of York* ;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a *sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross.

B 2

So,

#### 4 KING RICHARD III.

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings<sup>3</sup>;  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
<sup>4</sup> Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
 And

So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"Three suns were seen that instant to appear,  
 "Which soon again shut themselves up in one,  
 "Ready to buckle as the armies were,  
 "Which this brave duke took to himself alone, &c.

Again, in the 22d Song of the *Polyolbion*:

"And thankful to high heaven which of his cause had  
 care,

"Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare."

Again, in the Wright's Play in the *Chester Collection*. M. S. Harl. 1013, the same prodigy is introduced as attending on a more solemn event:

"That day was scene veramente

"Three sonnes in the firmament,

"And wonderly together went

"And torned into one." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —merry meetings.] So, in *The tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third*, which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, *The Mirrour of Magistrates*. The first edition of it appeared in 1575, but the lines quoted on the present as well as future occasions throughout this play, are not found in any copy before that of 1610, so that the author was more probably indebted to Shakspeare than Shakspeare to him:

————the battles fought in fields before

Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie;

The war-god's thundring cannons dreadful rore,

And rattling drum-sounds' warlike harmonie,

To sweet-tun'd noise of pleasing minstrelsie.

God Mars laid by his lance, and tooke his lute,

And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling looks;

Instead of crimson fields, war's fatal fruit,

He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brooks,

And set his thoughts upon her wanton looks. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Grim-visag'd war, &c.] Shakspeare seems to have had the following passage from Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, before him, when he wrote these lines: "Is the warlike sound  
 "of drum and trump turn'd to the soft noise of lyre and lute?"

"The



And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds<sup>5</sup>,  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—  
<sup>6</sup> He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-  
 jesty,  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

“ The neighing of *barbed steeds*, whose loudness filled the air  
 “ with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smok,  
 “ converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? &c.”

EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup> — *barbed steeds*,] I. Haywarde, in his *Life and Raigne of Henry IV.* 1399, says,—*The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser, barbed with blew and green velvet, &c.*

So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

“ — armed in a black armour, curiously damask'd with interwinding wreaths of cypress and ewe, his *barbe* upon his horse, all of black abrosetta, cut in broken hoopes upon curled cypres.”

Again, in the 2d Part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

“ With *barbed* horse, and valiant armed foot.”

*Barbed*, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. *Equus bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse adorned with military trappings. I have met with the word *barded* many times in our ancient chronicles and romances. An instance or two may suffice. “ They mounted him surely upon a good and mighty courser, well *barded*, &c.”

*Hist. of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date.

Again, in Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580:

“ *Bardes* or trappers of horses. *Phalera*, Lat.”

Again, Hollinshed speaking of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt: “ — to the intent that if the *barded* horses ran fiercely upon them, &c.” Again, p. 802, he says, that *bards* and *trappers* had the same meaning.

It is observed in the *Turkish Spy*, that the German cuirassiers, though armed and *barbed*, man and horse, were not able to stand against the French cavalry. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He capers*——] *War capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

# 6 KING RICHARD III.

7 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time;  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity<sup>8</sup>:  
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover<sup>9</sup>,  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—  
 I am determined to prove a villain,  
 And<sup>1</sup> hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, <sup>2</sup> inductions dangerous,

<sup>7</sup> *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,*] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.  
*Dissembling* is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson hath certainly mistaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained the word *dissembling*; as is evident from the following extract: “Whyle thinges stode in this case, and “that the manner of addyng was sometime too short and some- “time too long, els *dissembled* and let slip together.” *Arthur Golding's* translation of *Julius Solinus*, 1587. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *And descant on mine own deformity:*] *Descant* is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

<sup>9</sup> *And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *And hate the idle pleasures—*] Perhaps we might read:  
*And bate the idle pleasures—* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *—inductions dangerous,*] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marston has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame:

“Plots ha’ you laid? *inductions dangerous*?”

STEVENS.

By

By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate the one against the other :  
And, if king <sup>3</sup> Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;  
About a prophesy, which says—that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence  
comes.

*Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.*

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard,  
That waits upon your grace ?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause ?

*Cl.* Because my name is—George.

*Glo.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :—  
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,  
As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says—a wizard told him, that by G  
His issue disinherited should be ;  
And, for my name of George begins with G<sup>4</sup>,  
It follows in his thought, that I am he :

<sup>3</sup> —Edward be as true and just,] i. e. if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> And, for my name of George begins with G, &c.] So, in Nichols's *Tragical Life and Death of Richard III.*

“ By that blind riddle of the letter G,

“ George lost his life ; it took effect in me.” STEEVENS.

# 8 KING RICHARD III.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by  
women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;  
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,  
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glo.* 'Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery:  
' The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glo.* Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say:

<sup>3</sup> —toys—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.  
So *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 4.

“ The very place puts toys of desperation

“ Without more motive.” EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup> *Humbly complaining* &c.] I think these two lines might be  
better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,*] That is, the queen  
and Shore. JOHNSON.

W

We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king  
Is wife, and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years<sup>8</sup>; fair, and not jealous:—  
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks;  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought  
to do.

*Glo.* Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell  
thee, fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray  
me?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,  
withal,  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will  
obey.

*Glo.* We are the<sup>9</sup> queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—

<sup>8</sup> *Well struck in years*;] This odd expression in our language  
was preceded by one as uncouth though of a similar kind.

“*Well shot in years he seem'd &c.*] Spenser's *F. Queen*, B. V.  
c, vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr.  
Warton has observed in his *Essay on the Faery Queen*, by an  
imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another,  
words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original  
etymology. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———*the queen's abjects*———] That is, not the queen's  
*subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she  
drives away. JOHNSON.

So in *Case is altered*. How? *Ask Dalio and Millo*, 1604.

“This ugly object, or rather *abject* of nature.”

HENDERSON.

Were

10 KING RICHARD III.

Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister<sup>1</sup>,—  
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Cl.* I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:  
Mean time, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce<sup>2</sup>; farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence and Brakenbury.*]

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
Well are you welcome to this open air.  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence  
too;

<sup>1</sup> *Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister.* I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king. JOHNSON.

*King Edward's widow* is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloster has already called her, *the jealous o'er-worn widow.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I must perforce.*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

For

KING RICHARD III. 11

For they, that were your enemies, are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

*Hast.* More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd<sup>3</sup>,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—  
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by saint Paul<sup>4</sup>, that news is bad indeed,  
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consum'd his royal person;  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,  
'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven,  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is—to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:

<sup>3</sup> ——— *should be mew'd,*] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar*:

“Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*”

“From brown soar feathers of dull yeomanry,

“To the glorious bloom of gentry.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Now, by saint Paul,*————] The folio reads:

*Now, by saint John,*———— STEEVENS.

Clarence

12 KING RICHARD III.

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Another Street.*

*Enter the corse of Henry the sixth, with balberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,—  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—  
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament<sup>5</sup>  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—  
Poor key-cold figure<sup>6</sup> of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these  
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that set forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—  
O, curfed be the hand, that made these holes!  
Curfed the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
Curfed the blood, that let this blood from hence!

<sup>5</sup> —obsequiously lament] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means funeral. So, in *Hamlet*, act I. sc. ii:

“To do obsequious sorrow.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —key-cold] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers; among the rest, it is used by Decker in his *Satiromastix*:

“—It is best you hide your head, for fear your wife brains take key-cold.”

Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

“The key-cold figure of a man.” STEVENS.

More



More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !  
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;  
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miserable by the death of him,  
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—  
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;  
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,  
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the corse ; or, by saint Paul,  
 I'll make a corse of him that disobey's \*.

*Gen.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I com-  
 mand :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
 Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?  
 Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,  
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—  
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !  
 Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,  
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

\* *I'll make a corse of him that disobey's.* ] So, in *Hamlet* :

" *I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.*" JOHNSON.

*Glo.*

# 14 KING RICHARD III.

*Glo.* Sweet faint, for charity, be not so curst:

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—<sup>7</sup>

Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *pattern of thy butcheries:*] *Pattern is instance, or examples*  
JOHNSON.

Holinshed says: "The dead corps on the Ascension even was convey'd with billes and glaives pompouslie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thence he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise; &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *see, dead Henry's wounds,*

*Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—]*

It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"The more I found his name, the more he bleeds;

"This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

"Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"The captain will assay an old conclusion often approved;  
that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty against the murderer."

Again, in the 46th *Idea* of Drayton:

"If the vile actors of the heinous deed,

"Near the dead body happily be brought,

"Oft t'hath been prov'd the breathless corps will bleed."

Mr. Tollet observes that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

See also *Demonologie*, 4to. 1603, p. 79; and Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by Grimeston, 4to. 1607, p. 422. EDITOR.

Blush,

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;  
 Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,  
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—  
 O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer  
 dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;  
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
 Which renders good for bad, blessing for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor  
 man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—  
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
 Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

\* *Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in  
 this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other  
 passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

*Diffus'd infection of a man* may mean, thou that art as danger-  
 ous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd*  
 may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives*, &c.

“ ———— rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.”

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

“ I have seen an English gentleman so *desufed* in his futes;  
 his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice,  
 &c.” STEVENS.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Then say, they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous<sup>1</sup>.—

*Glo.* The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

<sup>1</sup> *That laid their guilt—*] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*

*Glo.* *The fitter for the king of heaven, &c.*]

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.

“ *Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.” STEEVENS.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest!

*Glo.* So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so. — But, gentle lady Anne, —  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method<sup>3</sup>; —  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* <sup>4</sup>Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

<sup>3</sup> — a slower method; —] As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene lord Grey desires the queen to

— cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect*;] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:

*Thou wast the cause. And most accurs'd th' effect!*

WARBURTON.

I cannot but be rather of sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

“ — thou art the *cause*,

“ *Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou.” STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

C

*Glo.*

18 KING RICHARD III.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death  
thy life!

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives, that loves you better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glo.* Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou  
spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee  
dead!

*Glo.*

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death<sup>s</sup>.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

\* These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

<sup>s</sup> ————*they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this passage, and, I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:

“ ————*a living death I bear,*

*“ Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.”* JOHNSON.

The same conceit occurs in *The trimming of Tho. Nash*, 1597:

“ How happy the rat, caught in a trap, and there *dies a living*

*“ death?”* STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ For I have heard it [love] is *a life in death,*

*“ That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.”*

MALONE.

\* *These eyes, which never &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

; They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—

'But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

*Anne.* I would, I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*She puts on the ring.*

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glo.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may

But 'twas thy beauty——] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON.



But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place<sup>\*</sup>:  
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve:  
But, since you teach me how to flatter you  
I imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two, with lady Anne.*]

*Glo.* Take up the corse, firs.

*Gen.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glo.* No; to White-Fryars; there attend my  
coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

\* —Crosby-place:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster. JOHNSON.

Crosby-Place is now Crosby-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

\* *Imagine I have said farewell already.*] Cibber, who altered Rich. III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

*When future chronicles shall speak of this,*

*They will be thought romance, not history.* STEEVENS.

## 92 KING RICHARD III.

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;  
 With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,  
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,  
 And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!  
 Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—  
 'Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right  
 royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
 On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?

... ? *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was  
 in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

... ? —and, no doubt, right royal,—] Of the degree of royalty  
 belonging to Henry the sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could  
 Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could  
 not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should  
 read:

—————*and, no doubt, right loyal.*

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which  
 she should love him. He was *young, wise, and valiant*; these  
 were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions  
 another: not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he  
 had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt*  
*right loyal*. JOHNSON.

Richard is not speaking of king Henry, but of Edward his  
 son, whom he means to represent as *full of all the noble properties*  
*of a king*. *No doubt, right royal*, may, however, be ironically  
 spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother.

STEEVENS.

My

# KING RICHARD III. 23

My dukedom to a beggarly denier<sup>3</sup>,  
 I do mistake my person all this while;  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;  
 And entertain a score or two of taylors,  
 To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;  
 And then return lamenting to my love.—  
 Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*The palace.*

*Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers her brother, and Lord Grey her son.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam; there's no doubt,  
 his majesty  
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:  
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Queen.* If he were dead, what would betide of me?

*Grey.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Queen.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

<sup>3</sup> —a beggarly denier,] A denier is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. So, in the *Cunning Northern Beggar*, b. l. an ancient ballad:

“ For still will I cry, good your Worship, good Sir,  
 “ Bestow one poor denier, Sir.” STEVENS.

*Grey.* The heavens have blest'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

*Queen.* Ah, he is young; and his minority  
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

*Queen.* <sup>4</sup> It is determin'd, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham, and Stanley.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley <sup>5</sup>.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Stanley.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

*Queen.* The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stanley.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;

<sup>4</sup> *It is determin'd, not concluded yet:]* *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.]* This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakspeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history, and the inter-marriages of the nobility. The person here called Derby, was Thomas lord Stanley, lord steward of king Edward the fourth's household. But this Thomas lord Stanley was not created earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the seventh; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title. THEOBALD.

Or,

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Queen.* Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

*Stanley.* But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Queen.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Queen.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buck.* Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement<sup>\*</sup>  
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them<sup>7</sup> to his royal presence.

*Queen.* 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

*Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

<sup>\*</sup> *Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement*] Thus all the old editions that I have seen; but Mr. Pope altered it thus:

“Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement;”  
and has been followed by succeeding editors. STEEVENS.

The 4to. of 1613, reads:

“Madam we did.”——MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —to warn them] i. e. to summon. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“They mean to warn us at Philippi here,” STEEVENS.

I must

I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
 Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
 By filken, fly, insinuating Jacks?

*Grey.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.  
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—  
 Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?  
 A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—  
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—  
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Queen.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:  
 The king—of his own royal disposition,  
 And not provok'd by any suitor else;  
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
 That in your outward action shews itself,  
 Against my children, brothers, and myself;  
 Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will<sup>s</sup>, and so remove it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,  
 That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:  
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Queen.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
 brother Gloster;  
 You envy my advancement, and my friends;  
 God grant, we never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
 Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
 Held in contempt; while great promotions  
 Are daily given, to enoble those  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

<sup>s</sup> *Of your ill-will, &c.] This line is restored from the first edition. FORD,*

*Queen.*

*Queen.* By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord; for——

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows  
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:  
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

*Queen.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country servant-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition—  
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen Margaret, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech  
thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the king?  
? Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said

? *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said*] This verse  
I have restored from the old quarto's. THEOBALD.

I will

28 KING RICHARD III.

I will avouch in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.  
'Tis time to speak, ' my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* 'Out, devil! I remember them too well:  
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband  
king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalize ' his blood, I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or  
thine.

*Glo.* In all, which time, you, and your husband  
Grey,  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—  
And, Rivers, so were you:—<sup>4</sup> Was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at saint Alban's slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,  
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

<sup>1</sup> —my pains—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Out, devil!—]

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in act IV:

" ——— out on ye, owls!" STEEVENS,

<sup>3</sup> —royalize,] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*

" The triumphs &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —Was not your husband,

In Margaret's battle,——]

It is said in *Henry VI.* that he died in quarrel of the house of York.  
JOHNSON.

*Q. Mar.*



*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;  
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:  
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*Queen.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;  
As little joy you may suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*She advances.*]  
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me?  
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;

<sup>5</sup> *We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;*] The quarto of 1613 reads:—our *lawful* king;—which is, perhaps, better, as it justifies the attachment of his followers. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hear me, you wrangling pirates, &c.*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *which you have pill'd from me:*] To pill is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

“ He has not pill'd the rich, nor slay'd the poor.”

STEEVENS.

To pill, is literally, to take off the outside or rind. Thus they say in Devonshire, to pill an apple, rather than pare it; and Shirley uses the word precisely in this sense. HENLEY.

2

Yet

36 KING RICHARD III.

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

\* Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; That will I make, before I let thee go.

\* *Glo.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,—  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;  
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

\* *Ab, gentle villain,———*] We should read:

*———ungentle villain,———* WARBURTON.

\* The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

*Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,*

*There's many a gentle person made a Jack.* JOHNSON.

\* *———what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what dost thou in my sight*. So, in *Othello*:

“Ancient, what makes he here?”

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

*Dorf.*

*Dorf.* No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it<sup>1</sup>.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

<sup>2</sup> And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

<sup>3</sup> Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick  
curses!—

Though not by war, <sup>4</sup> by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

<sup>1</sup> *Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.*] Alluding to a scene in K. Hen. VI. p. 3.

What weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] I would point thus:

And turn you all, your hatred now on me?

to shew that *all* is not to be joined in construction with *hatred*.

That the poet did not intend that it should be connected with *hatred*, appears, I think, from the foregoing line:

What! were you snarling *all* &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Could, &c.*] The folio reads:

*Should all*—

which is, perhaps, better. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —by *surfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNSON.

Long

Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—  
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—  
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son  
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,  
 That none of you may live your natural age,  
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
 O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,  
 And then hurl down their indignation  
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
 Thou elvish-mark'd<sup>5</sup> abortive,<sup>6</sup> rooting hog!

Thou

<sup>5</sup> —*elvish-mark'd*] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*rooting hog*!] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON.

She calls him *bog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. There is no such heap of allusion as the commentator imagines.

JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* (a book already quoted) is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime*,

For

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 ' The slave of nature, and the son of hell !  
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !  
 ' Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

*For where I meant the king by name of hog,  
 I only alluded to his badge the bore :*

*To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog ;  
 Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.  
 These metaphors I us'd with other more,  
 As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,  
 To hide the sense that they so wrongly wrest.*

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568 :

“ Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe ;

“ Fette *lowell* my bounde, and my horne to blowe.”

The rhyme for which Collingbourne suffered, was :

“ A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,

“ Rule all England under a hog.” STEVENS.

‘ *The slave of nature*,——] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves : by which it is insinuated that his mishapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ He is deformed, crooked, &c.

“ Stigmatical in making,——”

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery :

“ Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him.”

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity : and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition : And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure. WARBURTON.

‘ *Thou rag of honour*, &c.] This word of contempt is used again in *Timon* :

“ If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

“ Must be the subject.”

Again, in this play :

“ These over-weening rags of France.” STEVENS.

VOL. VII.

D

Glo.

*Glo.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,  
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me; and ends in— Margaret.

*Queen.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against  
yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
fortune<sup>9</sup>!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that 'bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;  
Left, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd  
mine.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught  
your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master matquis, you are malapert;  
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:  
O, that your young nobility could judge,  
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

<sup>9</sup> — *flourish of my fortune*!] This expression is likewise used  
by Massinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:

“ ——— I allow these

“ As *flourishings of fortune*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *bottled spider*,] A spider is called bottled, because,  
like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant.  
Richard's form and venom, made her liken him to a  
spider. JOHNSON.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

*Dorf.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,  
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—  
“Witness my sun, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest<sup>1</sup>:—

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buck.* Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me;  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—  
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee:

<sup>1</sup> *Witness my sun, &c.*] The folio's read:

*Witness my soune*——

Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewkesbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life. REMARKS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—*] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. So, in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “It is a subtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“His high-built *aiery* shall be drown'd in blood.”

Again, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

“One *aiery*, with proportion, ne'er discloses

“The eagle and the wren.” STEEVENS.

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
\*Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him;  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle  
counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;  
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

*Buck.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine; I wonder, she's at liberty\*.

*Glo.* I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;

\* *Sin, death, and hell*—] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous Allegory. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*

*And he to yours, and all of you to God's!*]

It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In this play of *Richard the Third*, he seems to reduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

<sup>6</sup> —[*I wonder she's at liberty.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

—————*I muse, why she's at liberty.* STEVENS.

She



She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Queen.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot to do some body good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;  
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—  
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us<sup>1</sup>.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd;—  
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

*Queen.* Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go  
with me?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

<sup>1</sup> He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sly*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

*The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,  
Rule all England under a hog.*

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act IV. POPE.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-slye*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *bravva* was to be made.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———done scathe to us.] *Scathe* is harm, mischief.  
So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

“Whom now that paltry island keeps from *scath*.”

Again:

“Millions of men oppress'd with ruin and *scath*.”

STEEVENS.

38 KING RICHARD III.

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
 Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—  
 I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;  
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
 And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,  
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me  
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:  
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;  
 And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft, here come my executioners.—  
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?  
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Mur.* We are, my lord; and come to have the  
 warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon, I have it here about me:  
 When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
 For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,  
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Mur.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to  
 prate,

Talkers are no-good doers; be assur'd,  
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes  
 drop tears<sup>9</sup>:

<sup>9</sup> *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears;*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears.”

STEEVENS.

I like

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Mur.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*An apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have past a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams<sup>1</sup>, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a christian<sup>2</sup> faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray  
you, tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the  
Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards Eng-  
land,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

<sup>1</sup> *So full of fearful dreams,*] The 4to. 1613, has—*ghastly*  
dreams. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ————*faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
 What fights of ugly death<sup>3</sup> within mine eyes!  
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels<sup>4</sup>,  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
<sup>5</sup> That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought, I had; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost: <sup>6</sup> but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.*

<sup>3</sup> *What fights of ugly death*——] The 4to. of 1613, reads——  
 What ugly fights of death. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,*] *Unvalu'd* is here used  
 for *invaluable*. So, in *Lovelace's Posthumous Poems*, 1659:

“——the *unvalerw'd* robe she wore  
 “ Made infinite lay lovers to adore.”

Again:

“ And what substantial riches I possess,  
 “ I must to these *unvalerw'd* dreams confess.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That woo'd the slimy bottom*——] By seeming to gaze  
 upon it; or, as we now say, to ogle it. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— *but still the envious flood*  
*Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth*  
*To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air.*] The folio  
 reads:

*Stopp'd in my soul*——

and instead of—to seek the empty &c. has—to find the empty,  
 &c. The quarto of 1613, evidently by a mistake of the com-  
 positor, reads:

*To keep the empty, &c.*

This

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman<sup>7</sup> which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*  
*Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*  
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
*Clarence is come,—false, 'fleeing, perjur'd Clarence,—*  
*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—*  
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—*  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends<sup>9</sup>  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such

This line would, I think, be improved by a different punctuation:

To find the empty vast, and wandering air.

To find the *immense vacuity* &c. *Vast* is used as a substantive, by our author, in other places. So, in *Pericles*:

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges—”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: “—they have seem'd to be together though absent; shook hands over a *vast*—”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —grim ferryman.] The folio reads—*four* ferryman.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —fleeing, perjur'd Clarence,] *Fleeing* is the same as *changing sides*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

—now the *fleeing* moon

No planet is of mine.

Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —a legion of foul fiends

*Environ'd me, &c.*]

Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour*, in the 4th book of *Paradise Regain'd*:

5 —not

42 KING RICHARD III.

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,—  
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!  
'O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!—  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good  
rest!— [*Clarence sleeps.*]

<sup>2</sup> Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
<sup>3</sup> Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;

" ——— nor yet stay'd the terror there,

" Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round

" Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
shrick'd——" STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *O God! if my deep prayers &c.*] The four following lines  
have been added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the  
keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line.  
And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which  
seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing  
conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same  
person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour, for an inward toil;*]

The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes  
are nothing more than empty titles*: but it would more impress the  
purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following  
lines, if it were read:

*Princes have but their titles for their troubles.* JOHNSON.

And,

# KING RICHARD III. 43

And, <sup>4</sup> for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that, between their titles, and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

*Brak.* What would'st thou, fellow ? and how cam'st  
thou hither ?

2 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came  
hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What, so brief ?

1 *Murd.* O, fir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious :—

Shew him our commission, talk no more.

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :—  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys ;—there sits the duke asleep :  
I'll to the king ; and signify to him,  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, fir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :  
Fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Murd.* No ; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when  
he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never  
wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath  
bred a kind of remorse in me.

<sup>4</sup> ——— for unfelt imaginations,

*They often feel a world of restless cares :]*

They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. JOHNSON.

1 *Murd.*

## KING RICHARD III.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.*



2 *Murd.* <sup>5</sup> Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* <sup>6</sup> Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard<sup>7</sup> with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, <sup>8</sup> we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

<sup>5</sup> *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, &c.]* One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Spoke like a tall fellow,]* The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout*, *daring*, *fearless*, and *strong*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—the costard]* i. e. the head. See Note on *Love's Labour Lost*, A<sup>ct</sup> III. Sc. I. Vol. II. p. 433. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *—we'll reason—]* We'll talk. See Vol. I. p. 162. JOHNSON.

1 *Murd.*

26 KING RICHARD III.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks  
mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou  
speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to,—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* 'Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,  
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?  
What lawful 'quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd  
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
Before I be convict by course of law,  
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.  
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,<sup>2</sup>  
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

<sup>2</sup> *Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,*] I think it  
may be better read:

*Are ye call'd forth*—— JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

*Are you drawn forth among a world of men.*

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and  
Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou call'd forth amongst a thousand men

"To minister this sovereign antidote?" STEEVENS.

1 *What lawful quest—*] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

2 *—as you hope to have redemption,*] The folio reads—as  
you hope for any goodness. The quarto likewise adds:

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins. STEEVENS.

2 *Murd.*

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then  
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on  
thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight  
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous  
blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and  
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law  
to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant-springing<sup>3</sup>, brave Plantagenet,

<sup>3</sup> —springing Plantagenet,] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince  
in the spring of life. JOHNSON.

When gallant, springing,] This should be printed as one word,  
I think;—gallant-springing. Shakspeare is fond of these com-  
pound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as  
an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-  
obstinate* and *mortal-flaring*. TYRWHITT.

That

That princely <sup>4</sup> novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

<sup>1</sup> *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

<sup>5</sup> If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;  
Who shall reward you better for my life,  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

<sup>2</sup> *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster  
hates you.

*Clar.* Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York  
Bless'd his three sons, with his victorious arm,  
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

<sup>1</sup> *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

<sup>1</sup> *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you  
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

<sup>1</sup> *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

<sup>2</sup> *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my lord.

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,

<sup>4</sup> —novice,—] Youth; one yet new to the world. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> If you are hired for meed, go back again.] The quarto of 1613, reads:—for need,—which may be right. If it be necessity which induces you to undertake this murder—MALONE.

And

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—  
O, sirs, consider, he, that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, <sup>6</sup> and save your souls.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—  
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg,  
Were you in my distress,—

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:  
A begging prince what beggar pities not? <sup>7</sup>

2 *Murd.*

<sup>6</sup> —and save your souls, &c.] The six following lines are not in the old edition. POPE.

They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —what beggar pities not?} I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner:

*Clar.* A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*Vil.* A begging prince!

*Clar.* Which of you, if you were a prince's son, &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally strikes him.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope's note is not accurately stated. I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

*Clar.* Relent and save your souls.

1 *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you if you were a prince's son

Being pent—

If two such—

Would not intreat for life?

My friend, I spy—

O, if thine eye—

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E

Come

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2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not serve, [Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit.]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

'Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit, with the body.]

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

[A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this in the quarto, the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not serve,

I'll chop thee in the malmsey butt in the next room.  
and then stabs him. STEEVENS,

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Court.*

*Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, fo:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassage  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falshood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—  
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Queen.* There, Hastings;—I will never more remember

Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

E 2

*K. Edw.*

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love  
lord marquis.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou  
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love

[*To the Queen.*

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign, king, and  
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the  
day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—  
Among this princely heap, if any here,

I

By



By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe; \* if I unwittingly  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
 By any in this presence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—  
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—  
 Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me;—  
 Of you, lord Woodville,—and lord Scales, of you,—  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
 † I do not know that Englishman alive,  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

\* ————— *If I unwittingly*

*Have aught committed that is hardly borne*] The folio and the quarto of 1613 add after *unwittingly*— “or in my rage.” The metre is hurt by the addition, but the sense improved.

MALONE.

† *I do not know &c.*] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΕΤΗΣ, has this observation. “The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place; *I intended*, saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies*. The like saith Richard, act II. sc. i;

I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility,

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion.” STEVENS.

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More than the infant that is born to-night;  
I thank my God for my humility.

*Queen.* A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter:—  
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded,—  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

*K. Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows,  
he is?

*Queen.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

*Glo.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand<sup>1</sup>,  
That came too lag to see him buried:—  
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of  
sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

<sup>1</sup> —[*some tardy cripple &c.*] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Baron's Wars*:

“ Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;  
“ Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.” STEEVENS.

*K. Edw.*

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

*Stan.* <sup>2</sup> The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* <sup>3</sup> Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?  
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,  
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—  
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—  
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

<sup>2</sup> *The forfeit*—] He means the remission of the forfeit.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.

JOHNSON.

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For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all  
Have been beholden to him in his life;  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—  
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,  
Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings,  
Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.*]

*Glo.* These are the fruits of rashness!—Mark'd  
you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Lok'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
O! they did urge it still unto the king:  
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,  
To comfort Edward with our company?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of  
Clarence.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Dutch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft? and beat your  
breast?

And cry,—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
If that our noble father be alive?

*Dutch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;  
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The

The king mine uncle is to blame for this:  
God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Dutch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love  
you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster  
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,  
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;  
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Dutch.* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle  
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Dutch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen, distractedly; Rivers, and Dorset,  
after her.*

*Queen.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.—

*Dutch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Queen.* To make an act of tragic violence;—  
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—  
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?  
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That

58 KING RICHARD III.

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Dutch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd by looking on <sup>4</sup>his images:

<sup>5</sup> But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,  
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

*Son.* Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for  
our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,  
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept!

*Queen.* Give me no help in lamentation,  
I am not barren to bring forth laments:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

\* ————his images:] The children by whom he was represented. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;] So, in our  
author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Poor broken glass, I often did behold

" In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

" But now, that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

" Shows me a bare-boned death by time out-worn."

Again, in his 3d Sonnet:

" Thou art thy mother's glass, &c." MALONE.

That

That I, \* being govern'd by the watry moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

*Chil.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Dutch.* Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence!

*Queen.* What stay had I, but Edward? and he's  
gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's  
gone.

*Dutch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are  
gone.

*Queen.* Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

*Dutch.* Was never mother, had so dear a loss,

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-  
pleas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mo-  
ther,

\* ————being govern'd by the watry moon,] That I may live  
hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the  
tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The  
introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Of

60 KING RICHARD III.

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,  
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.*

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Dutch.* God blefs thee; and put meekness in thy  
breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*Glo.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!—  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing  
peers,  
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd

[*Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*] Edward the young prince, in his father's life time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD,

Hither



Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope, the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;  
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go  
To give your censures<sup>s</sup> in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]

\* ———your censures——] To *censure* formerly meant to deliver an opinion. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“——yet if I *censure* freely,

“I needs must think that face and personage

“Was ne'er deriv'd from baseness.”

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,

“And saith, let Marius lead the legions forth.”

Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

“Set each man forth his passions how he can,

“And let her *censure* make the happiest man.”

STEEVENS.

*Manent*

*Manent Buckingham, and Gloster.*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:  
For, by the way, I'll fort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*A street near the court.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

*1 Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away  
so fast?

*2 Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:  
Hear you the news abroad?

*1 Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

*2 Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*9 I'll fort occasion,  
As index to the story—]*

i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet*:

“That storms so loud and thunders in the index.”

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

*—seldom comes a better:]* A proverbial saying, taken notice of in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman*, 4to. bl. 1. 1586, sign. B. “—as the proverb sayth, *seldome comes the better.* Vall. That proverb in deed is auncient, and for “the most part true, &c.” EDITOR.

*Enter*

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,  
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politick grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and  
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, that all came by his father;  
Or, by his father, there were none at all:  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,

<sup>a</sup> *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*]

“ Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.”

*Ecclesiastes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Which in his nonage,——] The word *which* has no antecedent, nor can the sense or connection be easily restored by any change. I believe a line to be lost, in which some mention was made of the *land* or the *people*. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *that*. STEEVENS.

*Which* was frequently used by our ancient writers for the personal pronoun *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy.

MALONE.

Will

64 KING RICHARD III.

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:  
All may be well; but, if God fort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change<sup>4</sup>, still is it so;  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.  
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Before the days of change, &c.*] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."

TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage, that both Holinshed and Shakespeare allude to St. Luke. See Ch. xxi. 25, &c. HANLEY.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,  
the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

*Arch.* 'Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Dutch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince;  
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Queen.* But I hear, no; they say, my son of York  
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Dutch.* Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,  
*Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:*  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Dutch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not  
hold

<sup>3</sup> *Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;  
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:]* Thus both the  
folio's. The quarto's, as well as the modern editors, read:

*Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;*

*At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:*

I have followed the folio's; the historical fact being as there  
represented. The prince and his company did, in their way to  
London, actually lye at *Stony-Stratford* one night, and were the  
next morning taken back by the duke of Gloucester to *Northampton*,  
where they lay the following night. See Hall, *Edw.*  
*V.* fo. 6. See also THE REMARKS, p. 133. EDITOR.

In him that did object the same to thee :  
 He was <sup>6</sup> the wretched'st thing, when he was young,  
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

*Dutch.* I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had <sup>7</sup> been remem-  
 ber'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Dutch.* How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me  
 hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;  
 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Dutch.* I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Dutch.* His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast  
 born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Queen.* A parlous boy <sup>8</sup> :—Go to, you are too  
 shrewd.

*Dutch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Queen.* Pitchers have ears.

<sup>6</sup> ———*the wretched'st thing*,——] *Wretched* is here used in  
 a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, be-  
 ing below expectation. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ———*been remember'd*,] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to  
 have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *A parlous boy*.] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*,  
 &c. 1608 :

“ *A parlous youth, sharp and satirical.* ” STEEVENS.  
 It is a corruption of *perilous*, dangerous ; the sense it has here.  
 The queen evidently means to chide him. REMARKS.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger: What news?

*Mes.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

*Queen.* How doth the prince?

*Mes.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Dutch.* What is thy news?

*Mes.* Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,  
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and, with them,  
Sir Thomas Vaughan.

*Dutch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mes.* The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Bucking-  
ham.

*Arch.* For what offence?

*Mes.* The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

*Queen.* Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!  
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jut  
Upon the innocent and <sup>a</sup>awless throne:—  
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Dutch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were tost,  
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:  
And being seated, and domestick broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

• *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset.*

STEEVENS.

• *The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;*] So, in our au-  
thor's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ —While she, the picture of pure piety,

“ Like a white bind under the grype's sharp claws——.”

MALONE.

• *—awless:—*] Not producing awe, not revered. To  
jut upon is to encroach. JOHNSON.

F 2

Make

68 KING RICHARD III.

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous  
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;  
<sup>3</sup> Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Queen.* Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.

*Dutch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Queen.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep: And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*In London.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, <sup>4</sup> to your chamber.

*Glo.*

<sup>3</sup> *Or let me die, to look on earth no more.*] This is the reading of all the copies, from the first edition put out by the players, downwards. But I have restored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quartos, by which the thought is finely and properly improved.

*Or let me die, to look on death no more.* THEOBALD.

This quarto printed in 1597 I have never seen, neither was it in Theobald's collection of the old copies, which the late Mr. Tonson possessed entire. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *——— to your chamber.*] London was anciently called *Cammer regia*. POPE.

So,



*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your  
years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false  
friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends! but they  
were none.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to  
greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*Mayor.* God blefs your grace with health and happy  
days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord;—and thank  
you all.—

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633:  
2d Part:

“This city, our great chamber.” STEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman  
conquest. See *Coke's 4 Inst.* 243, where it is styled *Camera  
Regis*; *Camden's Britannia*, 374; *Ben Jonson's Account of King  
James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation*, &c.

EDITOR.

—jumpeth with the heart:] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

“Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine.”

STEVENS.

Would long ere this have met us on the way:—  
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not  
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

*Enter Hastings.*

*Buck.* And, in good time<sup>6</sup>, here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny,—lord Hastings, you go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* Mylord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You

<sup>6</sup> —in good time,] See Vol. I. p. 153. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Too ceremonious, and traditional:] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,*] But the more gross, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
 The benefit thereof is always granted  
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
 This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it:  
 Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
 You break no privilege nor charter there.  
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men<sup>9</sup>;  
 But sanctuary children, ne'er 'till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
 once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
 may. [*Exeunt Cardinal, and Hastings.*]

by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case: It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus:

*Weigh it but with the greenness of his age,*

i. e. the young duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true:

—*the greatness of his age.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand:

*Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,*

*You break not sanctuary,*—

That is, compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

The quarto of 1613 reads as the folio does:

—*the grossness of this age.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; &c.*] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Hall's Chron. p. 10: "—And verily, I have harde of sanctuarie menne, but I never hearde before of sanctuary children, &c."

STEEVENS.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place:—  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Glo.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

*Prince.* Is it upon record? or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd;  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
'As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live  
long<sup>1</sup>. *[Aside.]*

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
'Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, *} Aside.*  
I moralize,—two meanings in one word. *Prince.*

<sup>1</sup> *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,*] And so it is: and, by that  
means, like most other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We  
should read:

———intail'd to all posterity;  
which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural  
inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them  
of. WARBURTON.

*Retailed* may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *So wise, &c.]*

*Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,*  
a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,*  
*I moralize two meanings in one word.]*

By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. There  
was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which  
had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His

to play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Harlequin) he was to make sport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and encreased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend (or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. THEOBALD.

*Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.]*

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personage of those sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the woman, in the *Merchant of Venice*, calls the clown, alluding to this character,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's *Staple of News*, second inter-meane:

"M. How like you the vice? the play?"

"T. Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.

"M. That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs."

And,

His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;

For

And, in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *vice*, *Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice*, *Iniquity*, must be corrupt : And the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice*, or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakspeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it ; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspense, my conjecture is, that Shakspeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner :

*Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity,*

*I moralize : Two meanings in one word.*

Alluding to the mythologic learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your all-wise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it ? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themselves called their remote antiquity, *Διχόμυθος* or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense ; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing ; the common reading :

*I moralize two meanings——*

is nonsense : but reformed in this manner, very sensible :

*Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity*

*I moralize : Two meanings in one word.*

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that ? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating. **WARBURTON.**

This alteration Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers ? The position immediately preceding, that *some lives long without characters*, that is, without

out

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glo.* Short summers <sup>4</sup>lightly have a forward spring.  
[*Aside.*

out the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

*So young so wise, they say, did ne'er live long,*  
in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage direction, in an old dramatic piece, entitled, *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

“Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other.”

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

“*Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,*

“*The Vice, Iniquitie, and child prodigal.*”

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. I know no writer who gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Harinet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: “It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church playes, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —lightly—] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON. So, in the old proverb: “There's lightning *lightly* before thunder.” See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130. edit. 3d.

Again, in *Penny wise and Pound foolish*, &c.—“Misfortunes “seldome walke alone, and so when blessings doe knocke at a “man's dore, they *lightly* are not without followers and fellows.”

*Hollingshed*, p. 725, concerning one of Edward's concubines: “—one whom no one could get out of the church *lightly* to “any place, but it were to his bed.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:

He is not *lightly* within to his mercer. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

*York.* Well, my 'dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:  
\* Too late he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,  
You said, that idle weeds ate fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

*Glo.* He may command me, as my sovereign;  
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give<sup>7</sup>.

*Glo.*

<sup>5</sup> ———dread lord;————] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Too late he died, ———] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the Oxford editor makes him say:

*Too soon he died*————— WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right. "Too late" is again used in the sense of *too recently*, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—————I did give that life,

"Which she too early, and too late hath spill'd."

<sup>7</sup> And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.] This is the reading of the quartos; the first folio reads:

*And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.*

This



*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* <sup>3</sup> I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

<sup>9</sup> Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed,  
I think erroneously, by all the editors. JOHNSON.

The quarto 1612 reads:

—no grief— STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads:

*I'd weigh it lightly, —*

i. e. I could manage it, tho' it were heavier. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii:

“ You weigh me not,—O that's you care not for me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Because that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke therefore, in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*.

JOHNSON.

To

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,  
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,  
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;  
My grandam told me, he was murth'rd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal and attendants.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating  
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;  
thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's  
*Masque of Gypsies*:

“ A gypfy in his shape,  
“ More calls the beholder,  
“ Than the fellow with the ape,  
“ Or the ape on his shoulder.”

Again, in *The first Part of the Eight liberall Science, entituled  
Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel, 1576*:

“ —thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape.”

STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cates.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? will  
not he?

*Cates.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold <sup>a</sup> divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William: tell him,  
Catesby,

<sup>a</sup> ———divided councils,] That is, a *private consultation*,  
*separate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next  
scene, Hastings says:

*Bid him not fear the separated councils.* JOHNSON.

This circumstance is conformable to history. *Hall*, p. 13,  
says, "When the protectour had both the chyldren in his pos-  
session, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then be-  
gan to threst to se the ende of his enterpryse. And, to avoyde  
all suspicion, he caused all the lordes whiche he knewe to bee  
faithfull to the kynge, to assemble at Baynardes Castle, to  
comen of the ordre of the coronacion, whyle he and other of  
his complices, and of his affinitee, at Crosbies-place, con-  
trived the contrary, and to make the protectour kyng: to  
which counsaile there were adhibite very fewe, and they very  
secrete." EDITOR.

His

20 KING RICHARD III.

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business  
soundly.

*Cates.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cates.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will  
do<sup>2</sup>:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II<sup>3</sup>.

*Before Lord Hastings' house.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, my lord,—

*Hast.* [*Within.*] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from lord Stanley.

<sup>2</sup> —will do:] The folio reads—will determine. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Scene II. Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a knight with whom Hastings converses, instead of Buckingham. STEEVENS.

*Hast.*

*Hast.* What is't o'clock?

*Mef.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mef.* So it should seem by that I have to say;

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Hast.* And then,—

*Mef.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night  
He dreamt, the boar had rased off his helm<sup>4</sup>:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour, and myself, are at the one;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, <sup>5</sup> wanting instance:

<sup>4</sup> ———the boar had rased off his helm.] This term *raised* or *rasped* is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar.

So, in *K. Lear*, 4to. edit.

"In his anointed flesh *rasp* boarish fangs."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 36:

"—ha, cur, avaunt, the bore so *rase* thy hide!"

By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Glouster, who was called the *boar*, or the *bog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———wanting instance:] That is, *wanting* some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, *wanting* any *immediate ground or reason*. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*without* instance. STEEVENS.

And for his dreams,—I wonder, he's so fond  
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.  
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;  
 And we will both together to the Tower,  
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Meſ.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Cateſby.*

*Cateſ.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Haſt.* Good morrow, Cateſby; you are early  
 ſtirring;

What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?

*Cateſ.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
 And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,  
 'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Haſt.* How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean  
 the crown?

*Cateſ.* Ay, my good lord.

*Haſt.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my  
 ſhoulders,  
 Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.  
 But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

*Cateſ.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for-  
 ward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:  
 And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—  
 That, this ſame very day, your enemies,  
 The kindred of the queen, muſt die at Pomfret.

*Haſt.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
 Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries:  
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,  
 To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,  
 God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cateſ.*

*Cates.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

*Cates.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cates.* The princes both make high account of  
you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

*Hast.* I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter Stanley.*

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stanl.* My lord, goodmorrow;—and goodmorrow,

*Catesby:*—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood<sup>a</sup>,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

<sup>a</sup> —the holy rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

“Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deyce.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. v:

“And nigh thereto a little chapell stood

“Which being all with yvy overspred,

“Deck'd all the roose, and shadowing the roode,

“Seem'd like a grove fair branched overhed.”

STEEVENS,

And never, in my days, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stanl.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, ' have with you.——Wot you  
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stanl.* <sup>8</sup> They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow:

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley, and Catesby.*

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:  
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than ere I was.

<sup>7</sup> —have with you.——] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something along with you*, or *I have something to say to you*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *They, for their truth,——*] That is, with respect to their honesty. JOHNSON.

*Purs.*



# KING RICHARD III. 85

*Purf.* God<sup>9</sup> hold it, to your honour's good content!

*Haft.* Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. *[Throws him his purse.]*

*Purf.* I thank your honour. *[Exit Purfuivant.]*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

*Haft.* I thank thee, good fir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last<sup>s</sup> exercise;  
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;  
Your honour hath no<sup>s</sup> shriving work in hand.

*Haft.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Haft.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not. *[Aside.]*

Come, will you go?

*Haft.* I'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

\* *bold it, —*] That is, *continue* it. JOHNSON.

\* *exercise;*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

\* *shriving work in hand.]* *Shriving work* is *confession*. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

*Before Pomfret-castle.*

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, conducting Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to execution.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners<sup>3</sup>.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of  
you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You live, that shall cry woe for this here-  
after.

*Rat.* Disparch; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,  
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our  
heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,  
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buck-  
ingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!  
As for my sister, and her princely sons,—  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

<sup>3</sup> *Come, bring forth the prisoners.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

*Rat.*

# KING RICHARD III. 87

*Rat.* Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace :

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV,

*The Tower.*

*Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.*

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
Is—to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for that royal time ?

*Stanl.* They are, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?  
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know  
his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces : for our hearts,—  
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;  
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :—  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;  
But, for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein :  
But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Ely.* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow :

G 4

I have

88 KING RICHARD III.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* \* Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—  
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings, no man might be  
bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
'I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
[Exit Ely.]

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

\* *Had you not come upon your cue.—*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

5 — *I saw good strawberries*] The reason why the bishop was dispatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed and Hall, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cultivator of these strawberries, whose complaisance is likewise recorded by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the Museum:

*Eliensis antistes venit? senem quies,  
Juvenem labor decet: serunt hortum tuum  
Decora fraga plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

*Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus  
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi  
Quo sem tibi gratus.*

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the historians merely to shew the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Hastings.

STEEVENS.

That

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloster, and Buckingham.*]

*Stanl.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent  
For these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning;

\* There's some conceit or other likes him well.  
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.  
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stanl.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any 'likeness he shew'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

*Re-enter Gloster, and Buckingham.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots

\* There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.] Conceit  
is thought.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Here is a thing, too young for such a place,

"Who, if it had conceit, would die." MALONE.

\* ———likeness——] Semblance; appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in another of our author's plays:

———poor likenesses, and modern seemings. STEEVENS.

Of

50 KING RICHARD III.

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

*Glo.* If thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—  
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.—

*Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;—*

*[If! &c.]* For this circumstance see *Holinshed, Hall, and The Mirror of Magistrates.* FARMER.

*Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;]* In former copies:

*Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.*

The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.* And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, in the old quarto, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"some see it done." Nor, in that edition, does Lovel appear in the next scene; but only Catesby, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary, that Catesby should be employed to fetch the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed Lovel and Ratcliff to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYKWHITT.

The

'The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with Richard and Buckingham.*

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble<sup>1</sup>,

And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Cates.* Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

<sup>1</sup> *The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble, &c.*] So, in the *Legend of Lord Hastings*, by M. D.

*My palfrey, in the plainest paved street;*

*Thrice bow'd his bones, thrice kneled on the floor,*

*Thrice shunn'd (as Balaam's ass) the dreaded tower.*

To stumble was anciently esteem'd a bad omen. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*. "And just at the threshold Master Bromley stumbled. Signas! signas!"

The *houffings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*. So, in Ben Jonson's play called *The Case is Altered*:

"I'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I'll turn gentleman."

Again, in *A fair Quarrel*, by Middleton, 1617:

"———thou shalt have a physician,

"The best that gold can fetch upon his *foot-cloth*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1610:

"———nor shall I need to try

"Whether my well-greas'd tumbling *foot-cloth* nag

"Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catchpole."

STEVENS.

Make

92 KING RICHARD III.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim.

*Hast.* Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—  
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*The Tower-walls.*

*Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, in rusty armour,  
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

*Glo.* Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

<sup>3</sup> *Who builds, &c.*] So, Horace:

*Nescius auræ fallacis.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—in rusty armour, &c.*] Thus Holinshed: “—himself  
with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring  
briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouch-  
safe to have put upon their backs, except that some sudden  
necessitie had constrained them.” STEEVENS.

Are



Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.— Lord mayor!

*Glo.* Look to the draw-bridge there.

*Buck.* Hark! a drum.

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us!

*Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

\* —the earth a christian;] Here the quarto adds:

*Look you, my lord mayor.*

This hemistich I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

I mean,

I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd  
traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,  
Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
(Were't not, that by great preservation  
We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

*Mayor.* What! had he so?

*Glo.* What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

*Mayor.* Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

*Buck.* Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
That you might well have signify'd the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*Mayor.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall  
serve,  
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.*

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you came too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen\*,  
Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his ranging eye<sup>†</sup>, or savage heart,  
Without controul, list'd to make his prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found, that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

\* ———put to death a citizen,] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in *Cheapside*.

GREY.

† —his ranging eye,] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads—*raging*—the quartos—*lustful*. STEVENS.

*Glo.*

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*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—  
Go thou to friar Penker<sup>8</sup>;—bid them both  
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel, and Catesby.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice, that no manner of person  
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

*A Street.*

*Enter a Scrivener.*

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord  
Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's<sup>9</sup>.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—

<sup>8</sup> This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars.  
See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —read o'er in Paul's.] The substance of this speech is from Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 16. "Nowe was thys proclamation made within twoo houres after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indytet, and so fayre writyen in parchment, in a fayre sette hande, and therewith of itselfe so long a processe, that every chyld might perceyve that it was prepared and studyed before, (and as some men thought, by Catesby) for all the tyme betwene his death and the proclamacion coulede scant have suficyed unto the bare writying alone, &c." STEEVENS.

Eleven

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over;  
 For yesternight by Catsby was it sent me;  
 The precedent was full as long a doing:  
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
 Untainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.  
 Here's a good world the while! — Who is so gross,  
 That cannot see this palpable device?  
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.  
 [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

*Baynard's castle.*

*Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, at several doors.*

*Glo.* How now, how now? what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,  
 And his contract by deputy in France:

<sup>1</sup> ————*seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*lady Lucy.*] The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alledged a pre-contract between them: “Wherupon, says the historian, “dame Elizabeth Lucy was sente for, and albeit she was by “the kyng hys mother, and many other, put in good comfort “to affirme that she was assured to the kyng; yet when she “was solempny sworne to say the truth, she confessed she was “never ensured. Howbeit, she sayd his grace spake suche “loving wordes to her, that she verily hoped that he would “have married her; and that yf such kynde woordes had not “bene, she woulde never have shewed such kindnesse to him “to lette hym so kyndely gette her wyth chyld.” *Hall*, Edw. V. fo. 19. REMARKS.

VOL. VII.

H

The

The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—  
 As being got, your father then in France,  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke.  
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.  
 And, when my oratory grew toward end,  
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,  
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,  
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence;  
 His answer was,—the people were not us'd  
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—  
*Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;*  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
*Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;*  
*This general applause, and chearful shout,*  
*Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:*  
 And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they; Would  
 they not speak?  
 Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand; <sup>3</sup> Intend some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand;  
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;  
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go; And if you plead as well for them,  
\*As I can say nay to thee for myself;  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks. [Exit Gloster.]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

*Enter Catesby.*

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

*Cates.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;

<sup>3</sup> ———intend *some fear*;] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend*  
will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend*.  
So, in sc. v. of this act:

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

*Intending* deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

\* *As I can say, nay to thee,*] I think it must be read:

———*if you plead as well for them*

*As I must say, nay to them for myself.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead  
for the citizens; and if (says Richard) *you speak for them as*  
*plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem*  
*to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a hap-*  
*py issue.* STEEVENS.

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an  
Edward!

He is notolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, <sup>s</sup> to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

*Mayor.* Marry, God defend his grace should say  
us nay!

*Buck.* I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again:—

*Re-enter Catesby.*

Catesby, what says your lord?

*Cates.* He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men

<sup>s</sup> ——— to engross——] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

Are



# KING RICHARD III. 101

Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Gloster above; between 'two Bishops. Catesby returns.*

*Mayor.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;  
True ornaments to know a holy man.—  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ear to our requests;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology;  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord; Would it might please  
your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck.* Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

\* —two Bishops.] "At the last he came out of his cham-  
bre, and yet not doune to theim, but in a galary over theim,  
"with a bishop on every hande of hym, where thei beneth  
"might se hym and speke to hym, as thoughe he woulde not  
"yet come nere them til he wist what they meante, &c." *Hall's*  
*Chronicle.* FARMER.

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
 The lineal glory of your royal house,  
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:  
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
 (Which here we waken to our country's good)  
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
 'And almost shoul'der'd in the swallowing gulph  
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion,  
 Which to recure<sup>s</sup>, we heartily solicit  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land;  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own,  
 For this, consoled with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.  
*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

*' And almost shoul'der'd in the swallowing gulph  
 Of dark forgetfulness—*

What it is to be *shoul'der'd in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have known: for the rest left it pass without observation. He reads:

*Almost shoul'der'd into th' swallowing gulph.*  
 I believe we should read:

*' And almost smoul'der'd in the swallowing gulph,*  
 That is, almost smother'd, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

I suppose the old reading to be the true one. So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, canto I:

"Stoutly t<sup>e</sup> affront and *shoul'der* in debate." STEEVENS,  
*Shoul'der'd* is, I believe, the true reading.—Not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed *up to the shoulders*.  
 So, in *Othello*:

"Steep me in poverty *to the very lips*." MALONE.

*' Which to recure,*] *To recure* is to recover. This word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

Or

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :  
 For, not to answer, you might haply think,  
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends :  
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—  
 Definitively thus I answer you.  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert  
 Unmeritable, shuns your high requests :  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 \* As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;  
 ('And much I need to help you, if need were)  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the feat of majesty,

\* *As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;*] The quarto of 1613 reads :

*As my right, revenue, and due by birth ;*  
 which, I believe, is the true reading. So, in the preceding speech :

" Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own."

MALONE.

\* *And much I need to help you,—*] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

H 4

And

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—  
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son;  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:  
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy;  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;  
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy:  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity:  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,  
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
 From the corruption of abusing time,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course,

\* —loath'd bigamy:] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

BLACKSTONE.

*Mayor.*

# KING RICHARD III. 105

*Mayor.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cates.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty;—  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;  
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,  
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse;  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—  
Yet know, wh'er you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.  
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—  
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Cates.* Call them again, sweet prince, accept their  
suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,  
[*Exit Catesby.*]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

*Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

3 —[effeminate remorse.] i. e. pity. See Vol. II. p. 48.  
STEEVENS.

To

To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,  
 I must have patience to endure the load :  
 But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me  
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;  
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire of this.

*Mayor.* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will  
 say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title,—  
 Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

*Glo.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow then we will attend your grace ;  
 And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Glo.* [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy  
 work again :—

Farewel, good cousin ;—farewel, gentle friends \*.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *Farewel, good cousin ; farewel, gentle friends.*] To this act  
 should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation  
 pass between the acts ; and there will not only be a proper in-  
 terval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.

JOHNSON,

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Tower.*

*Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne Dutchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.*

*Dutch.* Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Queen.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Queen.* Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

*Enter Brakenbury.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

*Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,*

*Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?*

Here is a manifest intimation, that the dutchess of Gloster leads in somebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to guess it must be Clarence's young daughter. The old dutchess of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. THEOBALD.

How

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam: By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Queen.* The king! who's that?

*Brak.* I mean, the lord protector.

*Queen.* The lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?  
I am their mother. Who shall bar me from them?

*Dutch.* I am their father's mother; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

—[Exeunt Brakenbury]

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanl.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—  
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[To the Dutchess of Glouster,  
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Queen.* Ah, cut my face afunder!  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your  
grace?

*Queen.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:  
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

\*—[I may not leave it so.] That is, I may not so resign my office,  
which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

Go,



Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Left thou encrease the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Not mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stanl.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Dutch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

*Stanl.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.—  
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
Were red-hot steel, to scar me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Queen.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my husband  
now,

<sup>a</sup> *Were red-hot steel, to scar me to the brain!* She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this punishment is introduced:

“Fix on thy master's head my burning crown.”  
Again:

“And wear his crown made hot with flaming fire.  
“Bring forth the burning crown there.”

Again:

“———was adjudg'd  
“To have his head scar'd with a burning crown.”

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

Came

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,  
 Which issu'd from my other angel-husband,  
 And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
 This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,  
 For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
 And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
 More miserable by the life of thee,  
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*  
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:  
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;  
 \* For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
 † But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Queen.* Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

*Dutch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune  
 guide thee!—

[*To Dorset.*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the Queen.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

\* *For never yet one hour in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

† *But with his timorous dreams*——] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

# KING RICHARD III. 111

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen<sup>1</sup>.

*Queen.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the  
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,  
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
<sup>2</sup> Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell<sup>3</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*The court.*

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter Richard, as King, Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy  
advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

<sup>1</sup> ————of teen.] *Teen* is sorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And yet to my *teen* be it spoken, &c.”

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Flies have their spleen, each silly ant his *teens*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow*] To call the Tower nurse and play-fellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.*] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

*Buck.*

# 112 KING RICHARD III.

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* <sup>4</sup>Ab, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—  
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live—true! noble prince!—  
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit Buckingham.]

<sup>4</sup> *Ab, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,*] To play the touch is to represent the touchstone.

So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"With alabaster, *touch*, and porphyry adorn'd."

Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:

"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy shape did prove."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

"Though true as *touch*, through daughter of a king."

STEEVENS.

Catef.

*Cates.* The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip<sup>5</sup>.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
And unrespective boys<sup>6</sup>; none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes:—  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—  
Boy,——

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a<sup>7</sup> close exploit of death?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man; Go, call him  
hither, boy.— [Exit boy.]

The deep-revolving witty<sup>8</sup> Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:  
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.——

<sup>5</sup> —see, he gnaws his lip.] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And unrespective boys;——] *Unrespective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconsiderate.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ When dissolute impiety possess'd

“ The *unrespective* minds of prince and people.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———close exploit——] is secret act. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —witty] in this place signifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ Although unwise to live, had wit to die.”

Again:

“ And at her feet do witty serpents move.”

One of Ben Jonson's *Masques*. STEEVENS.

*Enter Stanley.*

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

*Stanl.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,  
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

*[Exit Catesby.]*

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood,<sup>2</sup> that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

*Enter Tyrrel.*

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.*

<sup>2</sup> ———— *But I am in*

*So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.*<sup>3</sup>

The same reflections occur in *Macbeth*:

“——— *I am in blood*

“*Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more,*

“*Returning were as tedious, &c.*”

Again:

“*Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in “marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions”) throughout this scene, has left King Richard on his throne; whereas

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
That late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much less dignity*. "The best part (says sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt magistrate sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with *Teril* to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for such a counsel." See likewise *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 735.

STEVENS.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well, look to it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

<sup>2</sup>A king!—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtly shew'd me the castle,  
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

<sup>2</sup> A king!—perhaps—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. *POPE.*

The allusions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. *JOHNSON.*

*K. Rich.*



*K. Rich.* <sup>3</sup> Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Is it even so? repays he my deep service

<sup>3</sup> *Because that, like a Jack, &c.*] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automations, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:—"their tongues are, like a *Jack o' the clock*, still in labour."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—Is this your *Jack o' the clock-house*?

"Will you *strike*, sir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:—"but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer."

Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet. In the *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy by Chapman, 1606, they are alluding to a roasting *Jack*, and a man says:

"—as in that quaint engine you have seen

"A little man in shreds stand at the winder,

"And seem to put all things in act about him,

"Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,

"Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does."

In *Lantern and Candle-light*, or the *Beliman's Second Night-walk*, &c. by Decker, is a passage "of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a somewhat different explanation. "There is another fraternitie of wandering pilgrims, who merrily call themselves *Jacks of the Clock-house*. The *jacke of a clock-house* goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but *strike*: so does this noise (for they walke up and down like fiddlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *striking*." STEEVENS.

# 118 KING RICHARD III.

With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Tyrrel.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story,  
\* O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—  
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind:  
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;

\* O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—  
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms—

A book of prayers on their pillow lay—] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murder of Edward V. &c. in The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

“ When these sweet children thus were laid in bed  
“ And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,  
“ Sweet slumbring sleep then closing up their eyes,  
“ Each folded in the other's arms then lies.”

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this and many others of our ancient ballads, STEEVENS.

When

When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.*—  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter king Richard.*

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewel, 'till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.]*

*K. Rich.* 'The son of Clarence have I pen'd up  
close;

<sup>s</sup> *The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close]* “ In Sheriff  
“ Hutton castle: where he remained 'till the coming of Henry  
“ VII. who immediately after the battle of Bosworth sent him  
“ to the Tower, and some few years after, most treacherously  
“ and barbarously put him to death; being, from a total want  
“ of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant, that  
“ he could not, according to *Hall*, discern a goose from a  
“ capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the  
“ male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet.”

REMARKS.

“His daughter meanly have I match’d in marriage;  
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham’s bosom,  
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
 Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims  
 At young Elizabeth, my brother’s daughter,  
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Catesb.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou com’st in so bluntly?

*Catesb.* Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back’d with the hardy Welshmen,  
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
 Come,—I have learn’d, that <sup>7</sup> fearful commenting  
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac’d beggary:  
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
 Jove’s Mercury, and herald for a king!

<sup>6</sup> *His daughter meanly have I match’d in marriage]* “To fir  
 “ Richard Pole, Knt. This lady, at seventy years of age,  
 “ without any legal process, and for no crime but her relation  
 “ to the crown, was beheaded in the Tower by that sanguinary  
 “ tyrant Henry VIII. Her son, Lord Montague, had been  
 “ put to death a few years before, in the same manner, and for  
 “ the same crime; and the famous Cardinal Pole, another of  
 “ her children, only escaped the fate of his mother and brother,  
 “ by keeping out of the butcher’s reach.” REMARKS.

<sup>7</sup> *fearful commenting*

*Is leaden servitor——]*

Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

Go,

Go, muster men : My counsel is my shield ;  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow<sup>8</sup>,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waining of mine enemies.  
A<sup>9</sup> dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France ; hoping, the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! who comes  
here ?

*Enter the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

*Queen.* Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation !

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her ; ' say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Dutch.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *begins to mellow, &c.*] The same thought occurs in  
Marlton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :

“ ——— now is his fate grown mellow,

“ Instant to fall into the rotten jaws

“ Of chap-fall'n death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *dire induction* — ] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first  
part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *say, that right for right*] It's plain Shakspeare  
wrote :

——— *wrong for wrong*

but the players thought a little rhyme was better than all reason.

WARBURTON.

It

*Dutch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Queen.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son?

*Dutch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living  
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*Queen.* Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!  
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
Give mine the benefit of <sup>a</sup> signiory,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[*Sitting down with them.*

It is so unlikely that words so plain and so proper, as *wrong* for *wrong* would have been either ignorantly or officiously changed, that I believe *right for right* is the true though not the best reading. This is one of those conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice*. So, in this play:

—That forehead

Where should be branded, if that right were right.—

JOHNSON,

<sup>a</sup>—*signiory*;] for *seniority*. JOHNSON.

So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 149:

“—the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured, &c.” STEEVENS.

If

If sorrow can admit society,  
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—  
 I had an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;  
 I had a husband, 'till a Richard kill'd him;  
 Thou hadst an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;  
 Thou hadst a Richard, 'till a Richard kill'd him.

*Dutch.* I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*2. Mar.* Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;  
 That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,  
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;  
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work;  
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—  
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
 And makes her <sup>4</sup> pue-fellow with others' moan!

*Dutch.* O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;  
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*2. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

<sup>3</sup> *That reigns, &c.*] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And makes her pue-fellow—*] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

*Pue-fellow* is a word yet in use. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward-Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

“He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least.”

Again, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1606:

“—being both my scholars, and your honest *pue-fellows*.”

STEEVENS.

And

And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;  
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
 ' Young York he is but boot, because both they  
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.  
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;  
 And the beholders of this tragic play,  
 ' The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;  
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,  
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,  
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

*Queen.* O, thou didst prophesy, the time would  
 come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my  
 fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;  
 The presentation of but what I was,  
 ' The flattering index of a direful pageant,

One

<sup>5</sup> *Young York he is but boot*—] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The adulterate Hastings*,—] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

*The adulterer Hastings*,— WARBURTON.

*Adulterate* is right. We say *metals* are *adulterate*; and *adulterate* sometimes means the same as *adulterer*. In either sense, on this occasion, the epithet will suit. Hastings was *adulterate*, as Margaret had try'd his friendship and found it faithless; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:—“that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The flatter'ring index of a direful pageant*,] *Pageants* are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the  
 index



One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below ;  
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;  
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag<sup>s</sup>,  
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;  
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?  
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;  
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about<sup>2</sup>,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?  
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;  
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,

index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> ——— a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;]

Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — wheel'd about,] Thus the quartos. The folio—whirl'd about. STEEVENS.

And

And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Queen.* O thou well skill'd in curses! stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the  
day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Queen.* My words are dull, O, quicken them with  
thine!

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

*Dutch.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Queen.* <sup>1</sup> Windy attorneys to their client woes,

<sup>2</sup> Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

*Dutch.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum, within.]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

<sup>1</sup> *Windy attorneys to their client woes,*] In former editions this line was read thus:

*Windy attorneys to your client's woes.*

The emendation is fir Thomas Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Airy succeders of intestine joys,*] I cannot understand this reading. I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:

*Airy succeders of intestate joys:*

i. e. words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.

THEOBALD.

*Enter*

*Enter King Richard, and his train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

*Dutch.* O, she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Queen.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden  
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Dutch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Queen.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

*Dutch.* Where is kind Hastings?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum,  
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish.* *Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Dutch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay; I thank God, my father, and your-  
self.

*Dutch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have<sup>3</sup> a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Dutch.* O, let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do, then; but I'll not hear.

<sup>3</sup> —a touch of your condition,] A *spice* or *particle* of your  
*temper* or *disposition*. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th *Iliad*:

“ —his cold blood embrac'd a fiery touch

“ Of anger, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Dutch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Dutch.* Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dutch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

\* That ever grac'd me in thy company?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphry Houre<sup>s</sup>, that call'd your grace

To

\* *That ever grac'd me*—] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *Humphry Houre*,—] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast.

So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1592:

“Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, *Houre* is at hand.”

The common cant phrase of *dining with duke Humphrey*, I have never yet heard satisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a satirical pamphlet called the *Guls Horn-booke*, 1609, written by T. Decker, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the aisles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk*; in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. Decker concludes his fourth chapter thus: “By this, I imagine you have walked your bellyful, and therupon being weary, or (which is rather, I beleeve) being most gentleman-like, hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the *duke*, so (because he followes

To breakfast once, forth of my company.  
If I be so disgracious in your sight,  
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—  
Strike up the drum.

*Dutch.* I pry'thee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Dutch.* Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Dutch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.  
'Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;

follows the fashion of great men in *keeping no house*, and that therefore you must go *seeke your dinner*) suffer me to take you by the hand and leade you into an ordinary." The title of this chapter is, "How a gallant should behave himself in *Poules Walkes*."

Hall, in the 7th *Satire*, B. III. seems to confirm this interpretation:

"'Tis Ruffio: Trow'ft thou where he din'd to-day?

"In sooth I saw him sit with *duke Humfray*:

"Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,

"Keepees he for everie stragling cavaliere;

"An open house haunted with greate resort,

"*Long service* mixt with *musicall disport*, &c."

Hall's *Satires*, Edit. 1602, p. 60.

See likewise *Four Letters* and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592:

"——to seeke his dinner in Poules with *duke Humphrey*:  
to licke dishes, to be a beggar."

Again, in the *Return of the Knight of the Post*, &c. by Nash, 1606: "——in the end coming into Poules, to behold the old *duke and his guests*, &c."

Again, in *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Prognostication, for this Year*, &c. 1591, by Nash: "——sundry fellows in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe *duke Humfrye* company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

If it be objected that *duke Humphrey* was buried at St. Albans, let it likewise be remember'd that cenotaphs were not uncommon.

STEVENS.

VOL. VII.

K

Which,

130 KING RICHARD III.

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,  
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory!  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
\* Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. 'Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood,  
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard;—  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O, let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty!  
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood\*.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

\* *Shame serves thy life, —*] To *serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters. JOHNSON.

*'Stay, madam, —*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

*—she is of royal blood.]* The folio reads—*she is a royal princess.* STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite<sup>2</sup>.

*Queen.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Queen.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny;  
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death;  
If grace had blest'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my  
cousins.

*Queen.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart<sup>1</sup>,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,  
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,  
And dangerous success of bloody wars;  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

*Queen.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
ven,

<sup>1</sup> *Lo, at their births—*] Perhaps we should read—*No, at their births—* TYNWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> *Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,*] This conceit seems to have been a great favourite of Shakspeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* 2d Part:

“*Thou bid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,*

“*Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,*

“*To stab, &c.*”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“*Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*

“*Thou mak'st thy knife keen—*” STEAVENS.

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Queen.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,  
 \* The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Queen.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;  
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 † Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,  
 Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs ‡,  
 Which, thou suppos'est, I have done to thee.

*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy-kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that, from my soul, I love  
 thy daughter.

*Queen.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Queen.* That thou dost love my daughter, from  
 thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;  
 And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:  
 I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
 And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Queen.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her  
 king?

\* The high imperial type—] Type is exhibition, shew, display.  
 JOHNSON.

† Canst thou demise—] To demise is to grant, from demittere,  
 to devolve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

‡ So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,] So, in  
*K. Henry IV.* p. 2:

“ May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten.”

STEEVENS.

*K. Rich.*



# KING RICHARD III. , 133

*K. Rich.* Even he, that makes her queen; Who  
else should be?

*Queen.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

*Queen.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Queen.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Queen.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,  
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her,—<sup>s</sup> as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Queen.* There is no other way;  
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her?

*Queen.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot chuse but  
hate thee<sup>o</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> —as sometime Margaret] Here is another reference to the  
plays of Henry VI. JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee,] The sense  
seems to require that we should read:

—but love thee,  
ironically. TAYLOR.

134. KING RICHARD III.

Having bought love with such a <sup>7</sup> bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent;  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your encrease, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam's name is little less in love,  
Than is the doting title of a mother;  
They are as children, but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you<sup>8</sup> bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,  
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,  
Leads discontented steps in foreign foil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity.  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What! we have many goodly days to see:  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,

<sup>7</sup> —bloody spoil.] Spoil is waste, havock. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —bid like sorrow.] Bid is in the past tense from *bide*. JOHNSON.

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;  
 'Advantaging their loan, with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;  
 Prepare her ears to hear a woer's tale;  
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Queen.* What were I best to say? her father's brother  
 Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?  
 Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Queen.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting  
 war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command,  
 entreats.

*'Advantaging their love with int'rest,  
 Oftentimes double gain of happiness.']*

My easy emendation will convince every reader *love and lone* are made out of one another only by a letter turned upside down, *Oftentimes* is a stupid concretion of three words. My emendation gives this apt and easy sense. *The tears that you have lent to your afflictions, shall be turn'd into gems; and requite you by way of interest, with happiness twenty times as great as your sorrows have been.* THEOBALD.

Theobald found this concretion, as he calls it, rather-loosely formed in the folio, where it stands thus,—*Of ten-times.*

STEEVENS.

K 4

*Queen.*

*Queen.* That at her hands, which the king's King forbids<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Queen.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Queen.* But how long shall that title, ever, last<sup>2</sup>?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Queen.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven and nature, lengthens it.

*Queen.* As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low<sup>3</sup>,

*Queen.* But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Queen.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Queen.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Queen.* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—  
Two deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam;—that is past<sup>4</sup>.

*Queen.* Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-strings break.

<sup>1</sup> —[which the king's King forbids.] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See Leviticus xviii. 14. GREY.

<sup>2</sup> But how long shall that title, ever, last?] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Universal Passion*:

“But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,

“What day next week th' eternity shall end?” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —[am her subject low.] Thus the folio. The quartos read;  
—her subject love. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Harp not, &c.] In the regulation of these short pieces I have followed the first and second quartos. STEEVENS.

*K. Rich.*

*King Rich.* Now, by my george, my garter, and  
my crown,—

*Queen.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Queen.* By nothing; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;  
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;  
The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:  
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,—

*Queen.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Queen.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself,—

*Queen.* Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by heaven,—

*Queen.* Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,<sup>5</sup>  
The unity, the king my husband made,  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him<sup>6</sup>,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

<sup>5</sup> ———with heaven.] The quarto reads—*by him*. The folio  
—with *him*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———by *him*.] Thus all the old copies. The modern ones  
read:

—————with heaven.

I have restored the old reading, because *him* (the oblique case of  
*he*) was anciently used for *it*, in a *neutral sense*. STEEVENS.

Shakspear, I have no doubt, wrote *by him* in both places.  
This appears from the first words of this speech, which began  
originally:

God's wrong is most of all.

The players probably substituted *Heaven* instead of the sacred  
name, in this and many other places, after the passing of the  
stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21; and having changed—*God's wrong*—to  
*Heaven's wrong*, it became necessary to read, “an oath *with*  
*Heaven*,” instead of “an oath *by him*.” MALONE.

# 138 KING RICHARD III.

And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made, a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*King Rich.* By time to come.

*Queen.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-  
past;

For I myself have many tears to wash.  
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd.  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:  
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,  
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent!  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness, and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay;  
It cannot be avoided, but by this;  
It will not be avoided, but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so)  
Be the attorney of my love to her:  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

[Which now, two tender, &c.] Mr. Roderick observes, that  
the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

*Which now too tender, &c.* STEEVENS.

Urge

Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish found in great designs.

*Queen.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Queen.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Queen.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them:  
Where, in that nest of spicery<sup>9</sup>, they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Queen.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Queen.* I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kisses, and so  
farewel. [*Kissing her.* *Exit Queen.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!  
How now? what news?

*Enter Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;  
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke  
of Norfolk;—

*Ratcliff,* thyself,—or *Catesby*; where is he?

*Cates.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

\* —in that nest of spicery,] Alluding to the phoenix.—

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Some light-foot friend post to the duke—] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

*Cates.*

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*Cates.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;  
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,  
[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cates.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby ;—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cates.* I go. [Exit.

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd—Stanley, what news with you ?

*Stanl.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle ! neither good, nor bad !  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?

Once more, what news ?

*Stanl.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd runagate ;, what doth he there ?

[—white-liver'd runagate.] This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, speaking of the Helots, says :  
“ Leave those precepts to the white-livered Hylotes.”

STEEVENS.

*Stanl.*



# KING RICHARD III. 141

*Stanl.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?

*Stanl.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?  
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

\* What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stanl.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess?

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stanl.* No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stanl.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stanl.* They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

But I'll not trust you, sir.

*Stanl.* Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;  
I never was, nor never will be false.

\* *What heir of York?*] i. e. What son of Richard duke of York? REMARKS.

*K. Rich.*

142 KING RICHARD III.

*K. Rich.* Well go, muster thy men. But, hear  
you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stanl.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit Stanley.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in  
arms;

And every hour <sup>3</sup> more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of  
death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

*3 Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,  
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* Oh, I cry you mercy:  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*3 Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my  
liege.

<sup>3</sup> —more competitors] That is, more opponents. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

# KING RICHARD III. 143

*Enter another Messenger.*

*4 Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :—  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,  
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;  
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,  
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in  
arms ;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,  
That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ; while we rea-  
son here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost :—  
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Lord Stanley's house.*

*Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

*Stanl.* \* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me :—

That,

\* *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—*] The person, who  
is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the  
*Dra-*

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that witholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Cbri.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Stanl.* What men of name resort to him?

*Cbri.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned foldier;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and sir William Stanley;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many othes of great name and worth:  
And towards London do they bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stanl.* Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me  
to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

*Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THEOBALD.

Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie disputes; and says, it was a title sold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holiness might be on the same footing with the king. STEEVENS.

In the *Scornfull Lady* of Fletcher, Welford says to Sir Roger, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your *art's master*."—"I am but a *bachelor of art*, sir," replies sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how sir Roger could possibly have *bought* his title of the pope's nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, besides his *piggs in posse*." FARMER.

Perhaps, after all, this title was originally derived from *fire*, father. Chaucer, and all our ancient poets, bestow it on the clergy. STEEVENS.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Salisbury.*

*Enter the Sheriff, with Buckingham, led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Soul's day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Soul's day is my body's  
doomsday:

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children, or his wife's allies:  
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,

<sup>5</sup> Will not king Richard let me speak with him? The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in *K. Henry VIII.* act I:

*—I would have play'd*

*The part my father meant to act upon*

*The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,*

*Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,*

*As he made semblance of his duty, would*

*Have put his knife into him: STEEVENS.*

See also Hall's Chronicle, Richard III. fo. 16. EDITOR.

VOL. VII.

L

Is

'Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
 That high All-seer whom I dally'd with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:  
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*  
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and 'blame the due of blame.  
 [Exeunt Buckingham, &c.

## S C E N E II.

*Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.*

*Enter Henry Earl of Richmond, Earl of Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
 friends,  
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

<sup>6</sup> *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respited.

*Wrongs* in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *blame the due of blame.*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors.

JOHNSON.

Thus

Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched; bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields; and fruitful vines;  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough

In your <sup>s</sup> embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle;  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends;  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* <sup>9</sup> Every man's conscience is a thousand swords;  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for  
fear;

<sup>s</sup> —embowell'd bosoms, —] Exenterated; ripped up: alluding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, *drawn*, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered. JOHNSON:

*Drawn*, in the sentence pronounced upon traitors only, signifies to be *drawn by the heels or on a hurdle* from the prison to the place of execution. So, Dr. Johnson has properly expounded it in *Measure for Measure*, act II. So, Holinshed in the year 1569, and Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1614, p. 162, 171; 418, 763; 766. Sometimes our historians use a colloquial inaccuracy of expression in writing, hanged, *drawn*, and quarter'd; but they often express it—*drawn*, hanged, and quartered; and sometimes they add—bowelled, or his bowels taken out, which would be tautology, if the same thing was implied in the word *drawn*. TOLLET.

*Drawn* in the sense of *embowelled*, is never used but in speaking of a *fowl*. It is true, *embowelling* is also part of the sentence in high treason, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging*. BLACKSTONE:

<sup>9</sup> —conscience is a thousand swords,] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conscientia mille testes*." BLACKSTONE:

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,  
march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk,  
Earl of Surrey, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tent, even here in Bos-  
worth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

*Surr.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks ; Ha !  
must we not ?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving  
lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent : Here will I lie to-night ;  
But where, to-morrow ?—Well, all's one for that.—  
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors ?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account :  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—  
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,  
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—  
Call for some men of ' sound direction :—

' ———*sound direction :—*] True judgment ; tried military skill.  
JOHNSON.

Let's



Let's want no discipline, make no delay;  
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

*Enter on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset, &c.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small power.  
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—  
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—  
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—  
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—  
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;  
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with  
him,

<sup>a</sup> Give me some ink and paper—] I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions: the rest place them three speeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard*; interrupting what there follows; *The earl of Pembroke, &c.* I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night. POPE.

I have followed the folio, which, of this play, is by far the most correct copy. I do not find myself much influenced by Mr. Pope's remark. STEEVENS.

150 KING RICHARD III.

And give him from me this most needful note,

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

*Richm.* Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,  
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;  
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

*[They withdraw into the tent.]*

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk,  
and Catesby.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Catesb.* It's supper time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.—  
Give me some ink and paper.—  
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—  
And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Catesb.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;  
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

*[Exit.]*

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff,—

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine:—<sup>3</sup> Give me a watch:—

*[To Catesby.]*  
Saddle

<sup>3</sup> — Give me a watch:—] A watch has many significations,  
but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel,  
which

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow<sup>4</sup>.—

<sup>5</sup> Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,—

Rat.

which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt blue; yet a few lines after, he says:

*Bid my guard watch,*

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

JOHNSON.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Alwearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ ——— slept always with a *watching* candle.”

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“ Beauty was turn'd into a *watching-candle* that went out sinking.”

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Sit now immur'd within their private cells,

“ And drink a long lank *watching* candle's smoke.”

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

“ Sit up all night like a *watching* candle.” STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 754:

“ ——— he was mounted on a great *white courser*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Look that my staves be sound,*—] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. Hall informs us, that at the jousts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of king Henry VIII. with the king of France, that “ a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the field all armed, and on his body brought in fight x speres, that

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord North-  
umberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time<sup>o</sup>, from troop to troop,  
Went

is to wyt, iii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under  
every thigh ii speres upwarde, and under his left arme was one  
sperre backward, and the 10th in his hand, &c." STEEVENS,

<sup>o</sup> *Much about cock-shut time*,——] Ben Jonson uses the same  
expression in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yesternight,

"Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton,  
1652:

"Come away then: a fine *cockshut* evening."

Again:

"In the twilight, *cockshut* light."

*Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

In the *Treatyse of Fyshynge with the Angle*, by dame Juliana  
Bernes, 1496, among the directions to make a fishing rod is the  
following: "Take thenne and frette him faste with a *cockeshote*  
*corde*, &c." but I cannot interpret the word. STEEVENS.

*Cock-shut time*,] i. e. twilight, In Mr. Whalley's note upon  
*Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 204. "*Cockshut* is said to be a net to  
catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner  
is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut*  
light may very properly express the evening or the morning twi-  
light." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of  
using it, is delineated and described in *Dictionary Rusticum*,  
2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roads*. It is the  
custom of the woodcock to lie close all day, and towards evening  
he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his  
*shoot* or *shot*. So, the ballast of a ship is said to *shoot*, when it  
runs from one side to the other. This etymology gives us, per-  
haps, the original signification of the word, without any recourse  
for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination  
from the time of the day, or from the occasion on which it was  
used; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-shot*,  
Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 110, calls a stone which  
naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-shot* for the devil to run  
through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the resemblance of  
the hole in the stone to the meshes of a net. TOLLET.

Mr.

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine;  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—  
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch, and leave me.  
About the mid of night, come to my tent  
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me, I say.  
[*Exit Ratcliff.*]

*Richmond's tent opens, and discovers him, and his  
officers, &c.*

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanl.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Mr. Tollet's opinion may be supported by the following passage  
in a little metrical performance, called, *No Whippinge nor Trippinge:  
but a kinde friendly Snippinge*, 1601:

"A silly honest creature may do well

"To watch a cocke shoote, or a limed bush."

STEEVENS.

I must support my interpretation against Mr. Tollet. He in  
part admits, and then proceeds to overthrow it. And I will sup-  
port it by the very instance Mr. Steevens adduced in his favour.  
The ballast of a ship may be said to shoot; as we now say, to shoot  
coals, or corn out of a sack; but it was never yet said that a  
woodcock shoots, when he takes his evening flight. Cocke-shoote,  
in the passage you cite, is certainly a substantive, and the ac-  
cusative case after the verb watch, which is confirmed by what  
follows, or a limed bush. And when the cockshut net is fixed, a  
person always stands by to watch and manage it. A similar ex-  
pression is in Hall's Satires:

"To watch a sinking cock, upon the shore—"

WHALLEY.

[*I have not that alacrity of spirit, &c.*] So, in Holinshed,  
p. 775: "—not using the alacritie of mirth and mind and coun-  
tenance as he was accustomed to doo before he came toward the  
battell." STEEVENS.

Tel

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stanl.* I, <sup>1</sup>by attorney, blest thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Left, being seen, thy tender brother George  
Be executed in his father's fight.  
Farewell: <sup>4</sup>The leisure, and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon;  
God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;

<sup>2</sup> —by attorney—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —mortal staring war.] Thus the old copies. I suppose,  
by *staring war* is meant—war that looks big. STEEVENS.  
I suspect the poet wrote—mortal *scaring* war. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> I, as I may,——

*With best advantage will deceive the time,*]  
I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this con-  
juncture. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —The leisure, and the fearful time

*Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,*]

We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may  
seem, *I would do this, if leisure would permit*, where *leisure*, as  
in this passage, stands for *want of leisure*. So, again:

—More than I have said

*The leisure and enforcement of the time*

*Forbids to dwell upon.*—— JOHNSON.

Left leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow<sup>3</sup>,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*]

*Enter the Ghost<sup>4</sup> of Prince Edward, son to Henry the sixth.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
[*To K. Rich.*]

Think, how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth  
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—

Be

<sup>3</sup> —peize me down to-morrow,] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—poize. To peize, i. e. to weigh down, from *peser*, French.

I meet with the word in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the third*, 1596:

“ And peize their deeds with heavy weight of lead.”

Again, in *All for Money*, 1574:

“ Then if you counterpease me learning with money.”

See notes on *The Merchant of Venice*, a. iii. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter the Ghost, &c.*] This circumstance is likewise found in the old book first called the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was afterwards published under the title of the *Falles of unfortunate Princes*.

“ As in my tent on slumbring bed I lie,

“ Horrid aspects appear'd unto mine eye:

“ I thought that all those murder'd ghosts, whom I

“ By death had sent to their untimely grave,

“ With baleful noise about my tent did crye,

“ And

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body  
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes;  
 Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;  
 Henry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—  
 Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

*“And of the heavens, with sad complaint, did crave  
 That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have.”*  
 His terror on waking is likewise very forcibly described,  
 Again, Drayton in the 22d Song of his *Polyolbion*:  
*“Where to the guilty king, the black forerunning night,  
 Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,  
 Of his own brother George, and his two nephews, done  
 Most cruelly to death; and of his wife, and friend  
 Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar’d as they would  
 read*

*“Him piece-méal; at which oft he roareth in his sleep.”*  
 It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea.  
 Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard  
 was much disturb'd in his dreams. The author of a metrical  
 legend, who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the  
 quality of these ominous visions. A poet who takes up the  
 story goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those  
 who are supposed to have appeared in them; and last of all  
 comes the dramatic writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking  
 in their particular characters, on the stage. STEVENS.

The account given by Hall in his Chronicle, of Richard's  
 dream, the night before the battle of Bosworth, (which is trans-  
 lated literally from Polydore Virgil), is as follows: “The same  
 went, that he had, the same night, a dreadful and a terrible  
 dreame: for it seemed to hym beyng asleepe, that he saw diverse  
 ymages lyke terrible devells, whyche pulled and haled hym, not  
 sufferynge hym to take any quyet or reste.” The same words  
 are also repeated in Holinghed's Chronicle. MALONE.

“Punched” I wish to read *puncted*; punched is ludicrous, and  
 the former is justified by Hall's Chronicle, Richard III. “Her  
 presse she *puncted*.” HENDERSON.

Harry,



Harry, ° that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine<sup>7</sup>,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;  
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[*To K. Rich.*

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty  
fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To K. Rich.*

*All.* Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's  
bosom

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

[*To Richm.*

<sup>6</sup> *Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,*] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —with fulsome wine,] *Fulsome* signifies here, as in many other places, *rich, unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmsey*. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;  
[To K. Rich.

And in a bloody battle end thy days !  
Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—  
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [To Richm.  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the  
Tower ;

\* Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
[To K. Rich.

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—  
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;  
[To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy  
wife, [To K. Rich.

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—

\* *Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard.*] This is a poor feeble reading. I have restored from the elder quarto, published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen :

*Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard.*  
This corresponds with what is said in the line immediately following :

*And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !*

THEOBALD.

Thou,

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[*To Rich.*

Dream of success and happy victory ;  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the  
crown ;

[*To K. Rich.*

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness !

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—

' I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[*To Rich.*

But

' *I dy'd for hope,—*] i. e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *help* or *aid* ; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.* WARBURTON.

Hammer reads :

*I died forfook,—*

and supports his conjecture thus.

This, as appears from history, was the case of the duke of Buckingham : that being stopp'd with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain, he was deserted by his soldiers, who, being in great distress, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled.

Hammer's emendation is very plausible ; but may not the meaning of the expression be, *I died for only having hoped to give you that assistance*, which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality ?

It may, however, be observed, that *fore*, or *for*, when joined to a verb, had anciently a negative signification. So, in *Macbeth* :

" ———— He shall live a man forbid."

As to *bid* was to pray, so to *forbid* had the meaning directly opposite, i. e. to *curse*. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, to *forespeak* is to *speak against*. In *Hamlet*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to *fordo* is the very reverse of to *do*. *Holpen* or *help* is the old participle passive of *help*, and is used in *Macbeth* :

" His great love, sharp as his spur, hath *help* him

" To his home before us."

Instead

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;  
And Richard falls, in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* <sup>1</sup> Give me another horse,——bind up my  
wounds,——

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—

<sup>2</sup> O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—  
The lights burn blue<sup>3</sup>.—Is it not dead midnight?

Cold

Instead of *for hope*, we may therefore read *for holpe*, which would mean *unaided, abandon'd, deserted, unbelp'd*, which was the real misfortune of the duke of Buckingham. The word *help* has occurred likewise in this play:

“Let him thank me that *help* to send him thither.”

Again in *Coriolanus*:

“Have *help* to make this rescue.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read,

I dy'd *fore done*, &c.

So in *Hamlet*, act V.

*Fore* do its own life. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> *Give me another horse,——*] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *O coward conscience.——*] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his *conscience*, and banished it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this tragedy, make Richard say, instead of *O coward conscience*, *O tyrant conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For Richard had entirely got the better of his *conscience*; which could, on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lilly's *Galathea*, 1592: “I thought there was some *spirit* in it because it burnt so *blue*; for my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*, there

was

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murd'rer here? No;—Yes; I am:  
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?  
 Left I revenge. What? Myself on myself?  
 I love myself<sup>4</sup>. Wherefore? for any good,  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
 I am a villain: Yet I lye; I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,  
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;  
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;  
 And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—  
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.  
<sup>5</sup> Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

was some ill *spirit* in the house." It was anciently supposed that fire was a preservative against evil spirits; "because," says Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplications to the Devil*, 1595) "when any spirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and the *takers* are by degrees extinguished." The *takers* are the spirits who blast or *take*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"———strike her young bones,

"Ye *taking* airs, with lameness!" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I love myself.*] The old copies read—*Alack, I love, &c.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Methought, the souls &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words:

*Fool, do not flatter.* JOHNSON.

VOL. VII.

M

Enter

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* My lord, 'tis I: The early village cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful  
dream!—

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me  
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

*[Exeunt K. Richard, and Ratcliff.]*

*Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford, and others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond.

*Richm.* 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,——  
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means<sup>6</sup> to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base foul stone, made precious<sup>7</sup> by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

<sup>6</sup> *One that made means*——] To *make means* was, in Shakespeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices. STEEVENS:

<sup>7</sup> —— by the foil

*Of England's chair,——]*

It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set.

JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“False stones by foiles have many one abus'd.”

STEEVENS.

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.  
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:  
 For me, <sup>8</sup> the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face;  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;  
<sup>9</sup> God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*][*Re-enter*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the ransom of my bold attempt*] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *God, and saint George!*—] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arts of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"*Item, that all souldiers entring into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint George, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any sinister zeale, shall maliciously omit so fortunate a name, shall be severely punished for his obstinate erroneous heart, and perverse mind.*"

Hence too the humour of the following lines in Marston's nervous but neglected satires, entitled the *Scourge of Villainie*, printed in 1599: 111. Lib. Sat. viii:

"A pox upon't that *Bacchis*' name should be

"The watch-word given to the soldierie.

"Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,

"Cry out *Saint George*, invoke thy mistress' name;

"Thy *Mistresse* and *Saint George*, &c."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barbar*, or the huge giant *Barboroso*, the burlesque is heightened, when, with much solemnity, and as if a real heroic encounter had been going forward,



*Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, &c.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is. Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

[*Clock strikes.*

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day it will be to somebody. —

Ratcliff, —

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter Norfolk.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

ward, he cries out, "*Saint George!* set on before, march squire and page." Act III. sc. i. And afterwards, when the engagement begins, *Ralph* says, "*St. George* for me:" and *Barbarossa*, "*Garagantua* for me." WARTON.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
 And thus my battle shall be ordered.  
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
 Consisting equally of horse and foot;  
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst:  
 John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,  
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
 They thus directed, we will follow  
 In the main battle; whose puissance on either side  
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.  
 ' This, and saint George to boot!—What think'st  
 thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—  
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.]

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* [Reads.  
*For Dickon thy master<sup>2</sup> is bought and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.—  
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls<sup>3</sup>;  
 For conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;  
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

' *This, and St. George to boot! ———*]

That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success;  
 and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint.

JOHNSON.

*To boot* is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*.

HAWKINS.

<sup>2</sup> *Dickon thy master*] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam. In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Let not our babbling dreams &c.*] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

March

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,  
A scum of Britains, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction,  
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;  
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
They would distraint the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long

<sup>4</sup> A sort of vagabonds,——] A sort, that is, a company, a collection. See notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a. iii. f. 2.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> They would restrain the one, distain the other.] *The one* means the lands; *the other*, their wives. It is plain then we should read:

*They would distraint.——*

i. e. seize upon. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

*Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?*]

This is spoken by Richard, of Henry earl of Richmond: but they were far from having any common mother, but England: and the earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his residence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed from the countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable, therefore, that we must read:

*Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost.* THEOBALD.

*Our mother's cost?*] Mr. Theobald perceives to be wrong: he reads therefore, and all the editors after him:

*Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost.*

But give me leave to transcribe a few more lines from Holinshed, and you will find at once, that Shakspeare had been there before me.

“Ye see further, how a companie of traitors, theeves, out-laws and runnagates be aiders and partakers of his feat and enterprife.—And to begin with the erle of Richmond captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milksop—brought up by my mother's meanes and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine.” p. 759.

Long kept in Brittain at our brother's cost?  
 A milk-sop<sup>7</sup>, one that never in his life  
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,  
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves;  
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
 And not these bastard Brittains; whom our fathers  
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

Holinshed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548. fol. 54. but his printer has given us by accident the word *moothe* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. FARMER.

[*A milk-sop, &c.*] So, in the *Mirror of Magistrates* already quoted:

“First with our foe-mens captaine to begin,

“A weake Welch *milk-sop*, one that I do know

“Was ne’er before, &c.” STEVENS.

[*Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!*] That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

“Now by the marble face of the *welkin*.”

The same idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palgrave*, 1613:

“Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven.”

STEVENS.

K. Rich.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh;  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
bosom:

Advance our standards<sup>9</sup>, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt*;

# SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

*Catesb.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger<sup>1</sup>;

His

<sup>9</sup> *Advance our standards, &c.*] So again, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*;

"Advance then captains, forward to the fight,

"Draw forth your swords, each man address his shield;

"Hence faint conceits, die thoughts of coward flight,

"To heaven your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:

"Behold our foes do brave us in the field.

"Upon them, friends; the cause is yours and mine;

"Saint George and conquest on our helmes doth shine."

STEEVENS.

[<sup>1</sup> *Daring an opposite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:

*Daring and opposite to every danger.* TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:

"——— a most dreadful fight

"*Daring against him.*" STEEVENS.

The old reading is probably right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers, for an *adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "——— your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal."

Again:

170 KING RICHARD III.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum, Enter King Richard.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Cates.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse,

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him<sup>3</sup>;—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse<sup>4</sup>!

[*Exeunt,*

Again: “——and his *opposite* the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty.” So, in *The Fawn*, by Marston, 1605: “A most protested *opposite* to the match.” The sense then should seem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *during the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat.*

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1598, the Moor calls out in the same manner:

“A horse, a horse, villain a horse!

“That I may take the river strait, and fly!

“——Here is a horse, my lord,

“As swiftly pac’d as Pegasus.”

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

“——a horse, a horse!

“Ten kingdoms for a horse to enter Troy!”

STEEVENS.

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satire*, 1599:

“A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Five have I slain to day instead of him:—*] Shakspeare had employ’d this incident with historical propriety in the first Part of *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *A horse! a horse! &c.*] This line is introduced into Marston’s *What you will*, a. ii. sc. 1. 4to. 1607:

“Ha! he mounts Chirall on the wings of fame.

“A horse! a horse! my kingdome for a horse!

“Locke thee, I speake play scraps, &c.” EDITOR.

*Alarums.*

*Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.*

*Retreat, and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richm.* God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stanl.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stanl.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Stanl.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

*Rich.* Interr their bodies as becomes their births,  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
That in submission will return to us;  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament\*,

We

\* ———— *and make use of it.*] Some old books read:

————— *make much of it:*

and therefore Mr. Theobald reads so too: but very foolishly.  
Without doubt Shakspeare himself thus corrected it to

————— *make use of it.*

Which signifies, don't *abuse* it like the tyrant you have destroyed:  
whereas the other reading:

————— *make much of it,*

signifies *be fond of it*; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion  
of the play. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's reading may receive support from a passage in  
*K. Henry VIII.* where Wolsey is giving advice to Cromwell:

"Neglect him not; *make use* now, and provide

"For thine own future safety." STEEVENS.

\* ———— *as we have ta'en the sacrament:*] So, in Holinshed,  
p. 745: "The earle himselfe first tooke a corporall oth on his  
honor,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—  
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
 That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—  
 What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?  
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;  
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire;  
 All this divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided, in their dire division.—  
 O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true succeders of each royal house,  
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)  
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!  
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
 That would reduce these bloody days again,  
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!  
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!  
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;  
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt*].

honor, promising that incontinent after he should be possessed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth daughter to king Edward the fourth." STEEVENS.

*All this divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided, in their dire division.—]*

I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration:

*All that divided York and Lancaster,  
 Divided in their dire division,  
 O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true succeders of each royal house,  
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.*

Let them unite all that York and Lancaster divided, JOHNSON,

<sup>8</sup> This is one of the most celebrated of our authour's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived



trived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

JOHNSON.

*THE Life and Death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men, &c." He most probably means Shakspeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more ancient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews how early Shakspeare's play appeared; or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *K. Rich. III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codfhead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs; ad arma, ad arma.*" STEEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *K. Rich. III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, intituled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shewn the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspeare, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacy's play, at the end of the

the first act of which is, "The shewe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticoate, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412. STEEVENS.

I shall here subjoin two Dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *Vice*.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.]* As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanas*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Eustache*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dont Neufchastel, lequel estoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit très hautement son personnage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement pendu & porté en Voye. Et estoit la bouche

bouche d'Enfer tres-bien faite ; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entret & isser ; & avoit deux gros Culs d'Acier, &c." Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harfnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71. says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to see and hear it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c." There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities : and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the devil himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for a little vinegar, (as a property) to make the devil roar. For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil ; which making him roar, as if it had been holy water, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that vinegar in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin : *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, & optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum* \*.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign

\* Civ. D. l. iv.

of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escribirse en prosa como en verso*\*); as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His words are *Pues que se venimos a las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, atribuyendo a un santo los milagros de otro*†; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we soon followed them: the public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obsiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obsiné*—*Punition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obsiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obsiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was *un Paysan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sgt-Commun*. [or *Fool*.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* toge-

\* B. iv. c. 20.

† Ib. 211.

ther: So that the *Payfan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakspeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage:

“ ———merely thou art Death's Fool,  
“ For him thou labour'st by thy sight to shun,  
“ And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.”

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour Lost*:

“ So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his state;  
“ That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.”

Act IV. sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*. WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

LIKE the old *Vice*.] The allusion here is to the *Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, act IV:

“ In a trice, like to the old *Vice*;  
“ Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,  
“ Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil.”

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice*'s dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

*A vice of kings:*

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The *iniquity* was often the *Vice* in our *moralities*; and is introduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

“ Being no vicious person, but the *Vice*  
“ About the town,  
“ As old *Iniquity*, and in the fit  
“ Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.”

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But

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the Devil "to lend him a Vice :

" Satan. What Vice ?

" What kind would thou have it of ?

" Pug. Why, any *Fraud*,

" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,

" Or old *Iniquity* : I'll call him hither.

Thus the passage should be ordered :

" Pug. Why any : *Fraud*,

" Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,

" Or old *Iniquity*.

" Pug. I'll call him hither.

" Enter *Iniquity the Vice*.

" *Ini*. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice ?

" Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, act II :

" *Mirth*. How like you *the Vice* i' th' play ?

" *Expectation*. Which is he ?

" *Mirth*. Three or four ; old *Covetousness*, the fardid

" *Penny-Boy*, the *Money-Bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

" *Tattle*. But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.

" Besides, he has never a wooden dagger ! I'd not give a

" ruff for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to

" snap at every body he meets.

" *Mirth*. That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin, &c."

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, act I. sc. 3.

" *Sub*. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice* \*."

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy : as in the first part of *Henry IV.* act ii. where Hal humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* act iii.

*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,*

*I moralize two meanings in one word.*

*Iniquity* is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage,

*Thus like formal-wise, antiquity*

*I moralize : Two meanings in one word.*

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice* ; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a

\* ——— a puppet with a vice.] Mr. Upton has misinterpreted this passage. A *vice* in the present instance means a device, clock-work. Coryat, p. 254, speaks of a picture whose eyes were moved by a *vice*. FARMER.

short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there? &c.* And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *K. Henry V.* act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play: every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others, his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out, *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

*The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil.*

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony; or literally from the Greek, *τρέπαιον*, *veterator*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' *Clouds*, ver. 447. explains, *τρέμνι; ὁ περιτρεμμένος ἐν τοῖς πράγμασι, δι' ἡμῶς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν*. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized, as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Æschylus. *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person, B. xi. 517:

*"And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutish Vice."*  
*his image*, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as *vice-roy*, *vice-doges*, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so saucy. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.





# H E N R Y V I I I .

N 3

## Persons Represented.

King Henry *the Eighth*.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, *Embassador from the Emperor*, Charles V.

Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Sir Tho. Audley, *Lord Keeper*.

Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester*.

*Bishop of Lincoln*. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Sir William Sands<sup>1</sup>.

Cromwell, *Servant to Wolsey*.

Griffith, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine*.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King*.

Garter, *King at Arms*.

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham*.

Brandon, *and a Serjeant at arms*.

*Door Keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.*

Queen Katharine.

Anne Bullen.

*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

Patience, *Woman to Queen Katharine*.

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers. Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE lies mostly in *London and Westminster*;  
once at *Kimbolton*.

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Sands was created lord Sands about this time, but is here introduced among the persons of the drama, as a distinct character. Sir William has not a single speech assigned to him; and to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after lord Sands has already made his appearance. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> There is no enumeration of the persons in the old edition.

# P R O L O G U E.

*I come no more to make you laugh; things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree,  
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets; <sup>2</sup> or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with <sup>3</sup> such a show*

<sup>2</sup> ——— or to see a fellow

*In a long motley coat, ——— ]*

Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in our own. THEOBALD.

So Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saf-ron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "—fooles ye know alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee natural foales) are suted in long coats." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— such a show

*As fool and fight is, ——— ]*

This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis & multa nibilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

*As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and \* the opinion that we bring  
To make that only true we now intend)  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.*

\* ———the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,)]

These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption.  
I believe we may better read thus :

———th' opinion, that we bring

Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as  
to pretend. So, in the preceding play—

“ Intend, some deep suspicion.” See p. 99. STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing  
the order of the words and reading—

That only true to make we now intend :

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton.* p. 425.] under the description of “ a new play, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called; *All is True*, representing, some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.” The extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, with which, sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “ the burning of the Globe, or playhouse, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's-day [1613], which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play.” B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were two poor chambers. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at the play of Henry the VIIIth.

In a MS. letter of Tho. Lörkin to sir Tho. Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related, “ No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie, were acting at the Globe the play of Hen. VIII. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd, &c.” MS. Harl. 7002. TYRWHITT.

Therefore,

*Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest bearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye: ' Think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.*

3 ———— *Think, ye see*

*The very persons of our noble story,]*

Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:

——— *Think before ye.* THEOBALD.

This is specious, but the laxity of the versification in this prologue, and in the following epilogue, makes it not necessary.

JOHNSON.

The author of the *Revisal* would read:

——— *of our history.* STEEVENS.

K I N G



# KING HENRY VIII.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*London.*

*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,  
Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace:  
Healthful; and ever since a<sup>7</sup> fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when

\* We are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry. "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stow, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

Those

Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Arde.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guines and Arde :

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : Men might say,  
\* 'Till this time pomp was single ; but now marry'd  
To one above itself. ' Each following day  
Became the next day's master, 'till the last  
Made former wonders it's : To-day, the French,  
' All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone

\* 'Till this time pomp was single ; but now marry'd  
To one above itself. ——— ]

The thought is odd and whimsical ; and obscure enough to need an explanation—Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity ; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her even above her condition of finery.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

' ——— Each following day

Became the next day's master, &c.]

*Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

\* All clinquant, —] All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros.*

JOHNSON.

It



Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they :  
 Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,  
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting : now this mask  
 Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them ; <sup>2</sup> him in eye,  
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners  
<sup>3</sup> Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these fops,  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That <sup>4</sup> Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect

It is likewise used in a *Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palgrave and princess Elizabeth :

“ — his buskins *cliquant* as his other attire.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — him in eye,

Still him in praise : — ]

So, Dryden :

“ — Two chiefs

“ So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Durst wag his tongue in censure.* ] Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. : WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *That Bevis was believ'd.* ] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton : of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

In

In honour honesty, <sup>5</sup> the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. <sup>6</sup> All was royal;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view; <sup>7</sup> the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you gueſs?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promiſes no <sup>8</sup> element  
 In ſuch a buſineſs.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good diſcretion  
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is free'd  
 From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in theſe <sup>9</sup> fierce vanities? I wonder,

That

<sup>5</sup> ———*the tract of every thing, &c.*] The courſe of theſe triumphs and pleaſures, however well related, muſt loſe in the deſcription part of that ſpirit and energy which were expreſſed in the real action. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ———*All was royal; &c.*] This ſpeech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the ſolemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

I would point thus:

——all was royal

To the diſpoſing of it;

i. e. even to the diſpoſing of it. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>7</sup> ———*the office did*

*Distinctly his full function.*]

The commiſſion for regulating this feſtivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular perſon and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ———*element*] No imitation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the firſt principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *cataphoreſis*, to a perſon. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———*fierce vanities?*——] *Fierce* is here, I think, uſed like the French *fier* for *proud*, unleſs we ſuppoſe an alluſion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It

That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :  
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way) nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys

It is certainly used as the French word *ser*. So, in Bea Jon-  
son's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is  
a *serce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *That such a keech*—] Ketch, from the Italian *caicchio*,  
signifying a tub, barrel, or hoghead, *Skinner*. POPE.

The word in the folio is *keech*, which not being understood, is  
changed into *ketch*.

A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow  
formed in a mould is called yet in some places, a *keech*.

JOHNSON.  
There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of  
contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the second  
part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*.

STEEVENS.  
<sup>2</sup> *Out of his self-drawing web* ;—] Thus it stands in the first  
edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have  
printed :

*Out of his self-drawn web.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys*  
*A place next to the king.]*

It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and  
that we should read :

*A gift that heaven gives ; that buys for him*

*A place next to the king.* WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote :

—gives to him,——

which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What  
he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him,  
and that gift, or deposit, buys a place, &c. STEEVENS.

A place

A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he  
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up <sup>4</sup> the file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honourable board of <sup>5</sup> council out,  
<sup>6</sup> Must fetch in him he papers.

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them

\* —the file] That is, *the list*. See Vol. II. p. 104.

<sup>5</sup> —council out,] Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, "all mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letter." STEEVENS.

Without advising with, or consulting the council, not suffering them to have any concern in the business. REMARKS.

<sup>6</sup> Must fetch in him he papers.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down. — I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. 13; &c. STEEVENS.

For this great journey? <sup>8</sup> What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. <sup>9</sup> Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboarded  
The sudden breach on't.

<sup>7</sup> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey.]*

In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

“Pryde. I am unhappy, I fe it well,

“For the expence of myne apparell

“Towards this wyage—

“What in horses and other aray

“Hath compelled me for to lay

“All my land to mortgage.” STEEVENS.

We meet with a similar expression in *Marlowe's King Edward II.* 1508:

“While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,

“He wears a lord's revenue on his back.” MALONE.

So also Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. “'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a fute of apparell, to weare a whole manor on his back.” Edit. 1634, p. 482. WHALLEY.

See also DODSLEY's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V. p. 26. Vol. XII. p. 395. EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *What did this vanity,*

*But ————]*

What effect had this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Every man,*

*After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.]*

His author, Hall, says, “Monday, 18th day of June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear, for which hideous tempest some said it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes.” In Henry VIII. p. 80. WARBURTON.

VOL. VII.



Nor.

Nor. Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this busines  
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power: You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

The ambassador is silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being proper to be said of an orator; and an ambassador or public minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to ambassador.

WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*. JOHNSON.

A proper title of a peace;—] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

comes that rock,] To make the rock come is not very just. JOHNSON.

Enter

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

**Wol.** The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha? Where's his examination?

**Secr.** Here, so please you.

**Wol.** Is he in person ready?

**Secr.** Ay, please your grace.

**Wol.** Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.]*

**Buck.** This<sup>4</sup> butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best Not wake him in his slumber. ' A beggar's book Out-worths a noble's blood.

**Nor.** What, are you chaf'd? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only, Which your disease requires.

**Buck.** I read in his looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd Me, as his abject object: at this instant.

\* ——— *butcher's cur* ———] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,

"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

' ——— *A beggar's book*

*Out-worths a noble's blood.*]

That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the antient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup>He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like <sup>7</sup>  
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king;

And <sup>8</sup>from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd;

Heat not a <sup>9</sup>furnace for your foe so hot:  
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,  
By violent swiftnefs, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:

<sup>6</sup> *He bores me with some trick:—*] He stabs or wounds me  
by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

“One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *—Anger is like*

*A full hot horse;—*]

So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat*:

*Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,*

*'Twill quickly tire itself.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *—from a mouth of honour—*] I will crush this baseborn  
fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction  
of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Heat not a furnace &c.*] Might not Shakspeare allude to  
Dan. iii. 22.? “Therefore because the king's commandment  
was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire  
slew those men that took up *Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego*.”

STEEVENS.

I say



I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along  
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From <sup>1</sup> sincere motions) by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch  
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,  
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't: <sup>2</sup> his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
Only to shew his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, <sup>3</sup> suggests the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *sincere motions*)—] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, should be *blame* not.

*Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *his mind and place*

*Infecting one another, ———]*

This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *suggests the king our master*] *suggests*, for excites.

WARBURTON.

As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,  
 As he cry'd, Thus let be : to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to the dead : But our court cardinal <sup>†</sup>  
 Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation ;  
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt  
 England and France, might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—  
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Pay'd ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,  
 Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,  
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ;—  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable ;  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon ; a Serjeant at arms before him, and  
 two or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, serjeant ; execute it.  
*Serj.* Sir,

<sup>†</sup> —our court cardinal,] The old copy reads :  
 —count cardinal. which may be right. STEEVENS.

My

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton; I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish  
Under device and practise.

*Bran.* 'I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing,  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey—,  
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company:—The  
king. [*To Aberg.*  
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court<sup>6</sup>,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.*

<sup>5</sup> *I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: —*

I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of  
your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux  
was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *One Gilbert Peck, his counsellor.*] So, the old copies have it,  
but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, chang'd it  
to

*Buck.* So, so;

These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, ' Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath shew'd him gold: ' my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham';  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE

to *chancellor.* And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

*At which; appear'd against him his surveyor,*

*Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor.* THEOBALD.

Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert Perke priest, the duke's chancellor." STEEVENS.

' Michael Hopkins.] So all the old copies had it; and so Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again, by the help of the chronicles, I have given the true reading. THEOBALD.

' — *my life is spann'd already:*] To *span* is to gripe, or inclose in the band; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *bold* is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined. JOHNSON.

' *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*

*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*

*By dark'ning my clear sun.*——]

These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.*

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*

*Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*

whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

*By dark'ning my clear sun.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps

## S C E N E II.

*The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornet.* Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

*King.* My life itself, <sup>1</sup> and the best heart of it,  
Thanks

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

" Oh, how this spring of love resembleth  
" Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,  
" Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,  
" And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

" ———now thy captain is  
" Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
" But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

" ———being but the shadow of your son  
" Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought appears in the famous Hist. of *Tho. Stukely*, 1605:

" He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love."

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in the *Bloody Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ———is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,  
" He *darkens all your light*." STEEVENS.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, " puts out," for " puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines.  
" I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

<sup>2</sup> ———and the best heart of it,] Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author,

Thanks you for this great care : ' I stood i' the level  
 Of a full-charg'd confederacy ; and give thanks  
 To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Queen.* Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take your place by us :—Half your suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
 Repeat your will, and take it.

*Queen.* Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance : There have been commif-

thor, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

' —stood i' the level

*Of a full-charg'd confederacy ;—*]

To stand in the level of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

So in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ —not a heart which in his level came  
 Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim.”

STEVENS.

Sent

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, [*To Wolsey.*  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
\* The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
\* And Danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

\* *The many to them 'longing,*—] The *many* is the *mainy*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word.

“ *The kings before their many rode.*” JOHNSON.  
I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

“ —the mutable rank-scented *many*.” STEEVENS.

\* *And Danger serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARBURTON.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantii*; the third in his *Bouge of Court*:

“ With that, anon out start *danger*.”  
and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Ferry Queen*; and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto.

STEEVENS.

You

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; <sup>6</sup>and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-  
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now,  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience<sup>7</sup> is a slave

To

<sup>6</sup> —front but in that file] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am  
but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —tractable obedience, &c.] i. e. those who are tractable and  
obedient must give way to others who are angry. MUSGRAVE.

The



To each incensed will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for

<sup>2</sup> There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint<sup>2</sup>  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
<sup>3</sup> To cope malicious censurers; which ever,

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situa-  
tion, that repentment and indignation predominates in every  
man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *There is no primer business.* In the old edition:

*There is no primer baseness.*

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons;  
which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great  
men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concern-  
ing the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not,  
in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use  
of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would in-  
cline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

*There is no primer business.*

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note)  
would read:

—no primer *business*:

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear.  
No *primer baseness* is *no mischief more ripe or ready for redress*.  
So, in *Othello*:

“Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies—”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *We must not stint*] *To stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. See note on  
the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is  
still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

As

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd  
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;  
 I put it to your care.

<sup>2</sup> *By sick &c.]* The modern editors read—or weak ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

“This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—“I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.”

Again in *Leicester's Commonwealth*:—“if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute—” STEEVENS.

—<sup>3</sup>—*what worst, as oft,*

*Hitting a grosser quality,—]*

The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber:]* *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches. WARBURTON.

*Wol.*

*Wol.* A word with you. [To the Secretary.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-  
 mons  
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,  
 That, through our intercession<sup>6</sup>, this revokement  
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I am forry, that the duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many:  
 The gentleman is learn'd<sup>7</sup>, a most rare speaker,  
 To nature none more bound; his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for<sup>8</sup> aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so<sup>9</sup> noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly.

<sup>6</sup> *That through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 892:  
 "The cardinal, to deliver himself from the evill will of the  
 people, purchas'd by procuring and advancing of this demand,  
 affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abroad that *through his in-  
 tercession* the king had pardoned and releas'd all things."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The gentleman is learn'd, &c.*] It appears from "The Pro-  
 logue of the translatour," that the *Knyght of the Swanne*, a  
 French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortu-  
 nate nobleman. Copland the printer, adds, "this present his-  
 tory compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne*, of whom  
*linially is descended my said lord.*" The duke was executed on  
 Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *—out of himself.—*] Beyond the treasures of his  
 own mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—noble benefits—*

*Not well dispos'd, —*]

Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dis-  
 positions. JOHNSON.

Than

Than ever they were fair. ' This man, so compleat,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear  
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices; whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what  
 you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected  
 Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.

— *This man, so compleat,*

*Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,*

*Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find*

*His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady, &c.]*

This sentence is broken and confused, though, with the allow-  
 ances always to be made to our authour, it may be understood.  
 Yet it may be proper to examine the old edition, which gives it  
 thus :

— *and when we,*

*Almost with ravish'd list'ning* —

I know not whether we may not read :

— *this man*

*Who was enroll'd with wonder, and whom we*

*Almost were ravish'd list'ning, could not find*

*His hour of speech a minute.*

To listen a man, for, to hearken to him, is commonly used by  
 our authour. So, by Milton :

“ *I listen'd them a while.*”

I do not rate my conjecture at much; but as the common  
 reading is without authority, something may be tried. Perhaps  
 the passage is best as it was originally published. JOHNSON.

— *is become as black*

*As if besmear'd in bell.]*

So, in *Othello* :

“ — Her name, that was as fresh

“ As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

“ As mine own face.” STEEVENS.

*Surv.*

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, That if the king  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his: These very words  
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please you highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on:  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak ought?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,

<sup>3</sup> *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*] In former editions:  
*By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.*

We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, call'd Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family.

THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it.

STEVENS.

His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney<sup>5</sup>, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,  
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,  
*Had sent to me, wishing me to permit*  
*John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour*  
*To bear from him a matter of some moment:*  
*Whom after<sup>6</sup> under the confession's seal*  
*He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke*  
*My chaplain to no creature living, but*  
*To me, should utter, with demure confidence*  
*This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs,*  
*(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive*  
*For the love<sup>7</sup> of the commonalty; the duke*  
*Shall govern England.—*

<sup>5</sup> *The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, ———]*

This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, some time master of the Merchant Taylors company, and is now the Merchant Taylors school, in Suffolk-lane. WHALLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *———under the commission's seal*

*He solemnly had sworn, ———]*

So, all the editions down from the very beginning. But what *commission's seal*? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors ever asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—“The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of confession, to keep secret such matter.” *Vid. Life of Hen. VIII. p. 863. THEOBALD.*

<sup>7</sup> *For the love]* The old copy reads—*To the love.* STEEVENS.  
*Queen.*

*Queen.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*King.* Let him on:—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas  
                    dang'rous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*  
*It can do me no damage:* adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say fur-  
                    ther?

*Surv.* I can my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About sir William Blomer,—

*King.* I remember  
Of such a time:—<sup>9</sup> Being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

*Surv.* If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*

<sup>8</sup> —*so rank?*—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up  
to great height and strength. *What, says the king, was he ad-  
vanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —————*Being my sworn servant, &c.*] Sir William Blomer,  
(Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in  
the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left  
the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edward's*  
*MSS.* STEEVENS.

212 KING HENRY VIII.

*As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.*

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;  
What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with—the  
knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should  
juggle

Men

*Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?*

These



Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good, our English  
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,  
Their very noses had been counsellors.

These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the *spells* of France. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers; jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus:

*Men into such, strange mockeries.*

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir Thomas More, speaking of this very matter, at the same time, says:

*" Ut more similes laboris fingere*

*" Et æmulari Gallicas inepcias."*

But the Oxford editor, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or juggled into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*. WARBURTON.

I do not deny this note to be plausible, but I am in doubt whether it be right. I believe the explanation of the word *mysteries* will spare us the trouble of trying experiments of emendation. *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *A fit or two o' the face;*—] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:

*" —learnt new tongues—"*

*" To vary his face as seamen do their compass."*

STEVENS.

To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep stare so.  
*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones; one  
 would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin  
 And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
 Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,  
 That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How  
 now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

*Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.*

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
 I hear of none; but the new proclamation  
 That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray  
 our monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
 And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
 (For so run the conditions) leave these remnants  
 Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
 With

<sup>3</sup> *And springhalt reign'd among 'em.* The *springbalt*, or *spring-*  
*balt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which  
 gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Mulleasses the Turk*, 1610:

"...by reason of a general *spring-balt* and debility in their  
 limbs."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*:

"Poor soul, he has had a *springbalt*." STEEVENS.

"—leave those remnants

Of fool, and feather."

This does not allude to the feathers anciently worn in the hats  
 and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridi-

cule

With all their honourable points of ignorance,  
 Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
 Short blister'd breeches<sup>5</sup>, and those types of travel,  
 And understand again like honest men;  
 Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.  
*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases  
 Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whoresons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're  
 going;  
 (For, sure, there's no converting of 'em) now  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,  
 Held current musick too,

cule could justly belong) but to an effeminate fashion recorded  
 in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: from whence it appears  
 that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their  
 hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping  
 of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in*  
*our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads."  
 Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our  
 young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue not in  
 bravery; they rode not with *fannes*, to ward their faces from the  
 wind, &c." Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607. Phantastes, who is a  
 male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup>—blister'd breeches,] Thus the old copy, i. e. breeches puff'd,  
 swell'd out like blisters. The modern editors read—*bolster'd*  
 breeches, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dew falls every where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said so of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in  
him,  
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Tho-  
mas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guilford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*Changes to York-Place.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal,  
a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,  
and

*and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Guil.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace. Salutes you all: This night he dedicates To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes, In all this <sup>6</sup> noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as merry <sup>7</sup> As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovel.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clap'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, fir Harry Guilford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet <sup>8</sup> ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em: By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

<sup>6</sup> —noble bevy—] Milton has copied this word:

"A bevy of fair dames." JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> As, first, good company, good wine, &c.] As this passage has been all along pointed, fir Harry Guilford is made to include all these under the *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

*As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, &c.*

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

*As first, good company, then good wine, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> A running banquet is a phrase alluding to a *hasty refreshment*, and is set in opposition to a *protracted meal*. The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. STEEVENS.

*Lov.*

*Low.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

*Sands.* I would, I were;

**They should find easy penance.**

*Lov.* 'Faith, how easy?' —

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir

Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :

His grace is entring.—Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together make cold weather :—

My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, fit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,

And thank you lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies : [Sits.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;

**I had it from my father.**

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well faid, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,

**Let me alone.**

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

*Sands.* Your grace is noble :—

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And

And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,

I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,

My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play?

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,

For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot shew me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*]

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Wol.* What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

9 ———if I make my play.] i. e. if I make my party.

STEEVENS.

Rather, if I may choose my game. REMARKS.

1 ———Chambers discharged.] A chamber is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called chambers because they are mere chambers to lodge powder; a chamber being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows:—"cannons, demi-cannons, chambers; arquebuse; musquet."

Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"——I still think o' the Tower ordinance,

"Or of the peal of chambers, that's still fir'd

"When my lord-mayor takes his barge." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now? what is't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and  
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French  
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

*[All arise, and tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers\*, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

\* *Enter the King, and others, as Maskers.]* For an account of  
this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 291. STEEVENS.

*Wol.*



*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I  
pay them  
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Chuse ladies for the dance. King, and Anne Bullen.*

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

*Wol.* My lord,—

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* \* You have found him, cardinal:  
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now † unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord chamberlain,

\* —take it.] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

\* You have found him, cardinal:] Holinshed says the cardinal  
mistook, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville; upon which the  
king laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's.  
*Edward's MSS.* STEEVENS.

† —unhappily.] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* See Vol.  
II. p. 237. JOHNSON.

Pry'thee

Pry'thee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*King.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart, I were unmannerly, to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.* And not to kiss you<sup>6</sup>.—A health, gentlemen, Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready I' the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace.

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead them once again; and then let's dream Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it<sup>7</sup>.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

<sup>6</sup> *I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.]*

A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. l. no date. "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildreds church in the Pultrie, by John Allde."

"But some reply, what fobler would daunce,

"If that when daunce is doon,

"He may not have at ladyes lips

"That which in daunce he wooon?"

See Vol. I. p. 35. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —Let the musick knock it. So in the first part of *Antonio and Mellida*:

*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

*Fla.* Pert Catzo, knock it then. STEEVENS.

A C T

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.*

1 Gen. Whither away so fast?

2 Gen. O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happened?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd  
To have brought, ~~by a~~ *ex voce*, to his face:At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.2 Gen. That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gen.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could  
not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar,—  
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely<sup>s</sup> ;  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,  
In all the rest he shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,  
He never was so womanish ; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally ; whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *he sweat extremely ;*] This circumstance is taken from  
Holinshed —“ After he was found guilty, the duke was brought  
to the bar, sore chafing, and *sweat marvelously.*” STEEVENS.

2 Gen.

2 Gen. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buck-  
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tipstaves  
before him, the axe with the edge toward him; bal-  
berds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas  
Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William<sup>1</sup> Sands,  
and common people, &c.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,  
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;  
But those, that sought it, I could wish more chris-  
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. \* You few that lov'd  
me,

\* *Sir William.*] The old copy reads, *Sir Walter.* STEEVENS.

2 ———— *You few that lov'd me, &c.*] These lines are re-  
markably tender and pathetic. JOHNSON.

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black  
envy

Shall

<sup>3</sup> ———no black envy

*Shall make my grave.——]*

The sense of this is, that envy should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would say; he believed the cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is speaking not of another's envy but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We should read therefore:

———no black envy

*Shall mark my grave.——*

alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a white or black stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has with good judgment observed the error, but has not, I think, very happily corrected it. I do not see how the envy of those that are buried can mark the grave. In reading the lines I cannot but suspect that two words, as it may naturally happen, have changed places:

*There cannot be those numberless offences*

'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy

*Shall make my grave.——*

I would read thus:

*There cannot be those numberless offences*

'Gainst me, I can't make peace with, no black envy

*Shall take my grave.——*

To take, in this place, is to blast, to strike with malignant influence. So, in *Lear*:

“——Strike

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's; and, 'till my soul forsake me,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!  
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace;  
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

\* *Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone; my state now but will mock me.

“ —Strike her young limbs,

“ Ye taking airs, with lumens.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ —No spirit dares walk abroad,

“ No planet takes. —” JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* *Envy* by our author is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“ Traytoure, he sayd with great envy,

“ Turne thee now I thee defye.”

Again:

“ They drewe theyr fwordes hastily

“ And smot together with great envy.”

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

\* *Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,

*Let it alone, my state now but will mock me.]*

The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:

*Let it alone, my state will now but mock me.* WHALLEY.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
Bohun<sup>5</sup>:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant: 'I now seal it;  
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan  
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell! God's peace be with him!  
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd me to my honours; and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me

<sup>5</sup> — *poor Edward Bohun*:] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford, Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed.

STEEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *Hist. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo, 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bobun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bobun*? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — *I now seal it, &c.*] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

JOHNSON.

A little



A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :—  
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewel :

And when you would say something that is sad<sup>5</sup>,  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive  
 me ! [*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

<sup>1</sup> Gen. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
 That were the authors.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. Good angels keep it from us !  
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

<sup>2</sup> Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. Let me have it ;  
 I do not talk much.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. I am confident ;

<sup>3</sup> *And when you would say something that is sad, &c.]* So, in  
*K. Richard II :*

“ Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

“ And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Strong faith—*] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

Q<sub>3</sub>

You

You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: To confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;  
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal;  
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't  
not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.  
We are too open here to argue this;  
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*An Antichamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all  
the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-  
nished. They were young, and handsome; and of the  
best

*best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience,

*Suf.* No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he lists, The king will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself  
else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage;  
And, out of all these, to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,

Q 4

That,

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
 Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
 That angels love good men with; even of her,  
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
 Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis  
 most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,  
 And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare  
 Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
 The French king's sister<sup>7</sup>. Heaven will one day open  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance;  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
<sup>8</sup> From princes into pages: all men's honours  
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
<sup>9</sup> Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
 If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
 To him, that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in;

<sup>7</sup> *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the duchess of Alençon,

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *From princes into pages:—*] This may allude to the retinue  
 of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his men-  
 ual servants. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Into what pitch he please.*] The allusion seems to be to the  
 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ro-  
 mans: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same  
 lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto disho-  
 nour?" COLLINS.

And,

And, with some other business, put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively<sup>1</sup>.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there? ha?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust  
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences,  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate; in which, we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

*Enter Wolfey, and Campeius with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my  
Wolfey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

<sup>1</sup> *A door opens, &c.]* The stage direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.* STEVENS.

Thou

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,  
[To Campeius.]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;  
 Use us, and it :—My good lord, <sup>2</sup> have great care  
 I be not found a talker. [To Wolsey.]

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
 Of private conference.

*King.* We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suf.]

*Norf.* This priest has no pride in him?

*Suf.* Not to speak of;

I would not be <sup>3</sup> so sick though, for his place;  
 But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*

*Nor.* If it do,  
 I'll venture one heave at him.

*Suf.* I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
 Above all princes, in committing freely  
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
 Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
 The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
 Must now confess, if he have any goodness,  
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
 Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;  
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

*King.* And, once more, in mine arms I bid him  
 welcome,

<sup>2</sup> —have great care

*I be not found a talker.*

I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —so sick though,—] That is, *so sick as he is proud.*

JOHNSON.

And

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble : To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour

To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;  
I find him a fit fellow.

*Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand : much joy and favour  
to you ;

You are the king's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.  
[*Aside.*

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.*

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
\* Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

*Wol.* Heav'n's peace be with him!  
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither;—Here's the pang  
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,

\* *Kept him a foreign man still:—*] Kept him out of the king's  
presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

Still



Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which  
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
' To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp ; though it be temporal,  
' Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
As soul and body's fevering.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !

' To give her the avaunt !——]. To send her away contemptuously ; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

JOHNSON.

' Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,—] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus *Fairfax* :

" —— *T'wang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.*"

WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hamner reads :

*That quarreller Fortune.*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the *act* for the agent.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" ——but that your royalty

" Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

" For *Idleness* itself."

Like Martial's—" *Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*" We might, however, read——

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer.——

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer.

To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare :

" ——I'll tell you as we pass along,

" That you will wonder what hath *fortun'd* ?"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii. :

" It *fortun'd* (high heaven did so ordaine) &c."

STEEVENS.

She's

She's 't stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is ' our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft<sup>9</sup> cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be  
a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

<sup>7</sup> —[*stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

“ ———Katharine no more

“ Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,

“ And widow to prince Arthur.” TOLLET.

<sup>8</sup> ———[*our best having.*] That is, our best *possession*. See note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. ii. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———[*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft-leather. JOHNSON.  
So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“ The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law.” STEEVENS.

*Old*

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence, bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little:

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would

1 ——— *Pluck off a little:*] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

————— *Pluck up a little.*  
*Pluck up!* is an idiomatical expression for *take courage*.

JOHNSON.  
The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *duchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

*Pluck off a little,*  
says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

*I would not be a young count in your way,*  
which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of.

STEEVENS.  
2 *You'd venture an emballing:—*] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

*Anne.* I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

Old

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth,  
to know

The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen!

Old L. *In faith, for little England*

*You'd venture an emballing: I myself*

*Would for Carnarvonshire—*

*Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembroke-shire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

Might we read—*You'd venture an empalling*; i. e. being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of *King Edward III.* 1596:

“As with this armour I *impall* thy breast—.”

And, in *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe*:

“And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell.”

MALONE.

Might we not read, “*an embalming*?” A queen consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *K. Rich. II.* the word is used in that sense:

“With my own tears I wash away my *balm*.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*.

WHALLEY.

Follow

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know;  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
<sup>3</sup> More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and  
wishes;

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
<sup>4</sup> I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well<sup>5</sup>;  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*  
That they have caught the king: And who knows  
yet,

<sup>3</sup> *More than my all is nothing:—*] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I shall not fail &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—I have perus'd her well;*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*.

THEOBALD.

But from this lady may proceed a <sup>6</sup> gem,  
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any fuit of pounds: and you, O fate!  
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? <sup>7</sup> forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt <sup>8</sup>:—Have you heard it?

<sup>6</sup> ——— a gem  
To lighten all this isle? ———]

Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark; any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— is it bitter? forty pence, no.] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:

——— for two-pence.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. *Forty pence*, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act II. the clown says, *As fit as ten groats for the hand of an attorney*.

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chase* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— Now could I spend my *forty pence*,

"With all my heart."

Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*:

"——— wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *For all the mud in Egypt*:] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;  
No other obligation: By my life,  
That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Hall in Black-Fryars.*

*Trumpets, 9 sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers,  
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in*

*9 sennet,*] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the public.

*Senné* or *sennie* de l'Allemand *sen* qui signifie assemblée. *Dict. de vieux Langage*:

“*Senne* assemblée a son de cloche.” *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *sensate* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Caesar*, act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

In the second part of *Marston's Antonio*:

“Cornets sound a *cynet*.” FARMER.

R 2

the

*the habits of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and saint Asaph ; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-ussher bare-beaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms, bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the*

*pillars ;*] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. *More's Life of Sir T. More.*

JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines :

“ With worldly pompe incredible,  
 “ Before him rydeth two prestes stronge ;  
 “ And they bear two crosse right longe,  
 “ Gapyng in every man's face :  
 “ After them folowe two laye men secular,  
 “ And each of theym holdyn a pillar,  
 “ In their hondes steade of a mace.”

STEEVENS.

— *two great silver pillars.*] At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of *Holinshead*, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

*Bishops.*



*Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time,

*Wol.* Be't so:—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry king of England, come into  
the court.

*Crier.* Henry king of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine queen of England, come  
into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair,  
goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at  
his feet; then speaks.*]

*Queen.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice<sup>2</sup>;  
And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding, Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or forry,

<sup>2</sup> *Sir, I desire you do me right and justice; &c.*] This speech of  
the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with  
the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? <sup>3</sup> nay, gave not notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: If, in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before: It is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful; Wherefore I  
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
 I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

<sup>3</sup> ——— *nay, gave not notice*] In former editions;

————— *nay, gave notice,*

which, though the author's common liberties of speech might justify, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and have therefore followed sir Thomas Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you defer the court; as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unfettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord cardinal,——  
 To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Queen.* Sir,  
 I am about to weep<sup>4</sup>; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy; <sup>5</sup> and make my challenge,  
 You -

<sup>4</sup> *I am about to weep; &c.*] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

“ Commonly are, &c.—but I have

“ That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

“ Worse than tears drown; &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———and make my challenge,

*You shall not be judge:}]*

*Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him*. I think there is a slight error which destroys the connection, and would read:

R 4

*Induc'd*

You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,  
 ' I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
 wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
 The king is present; If it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay<sup>7</sup> my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows,  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you; The which before

*Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy, I make my challenge.*

*—You shall not be my judge.* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I utterly abhor, yea from my soul*

*Refuse you as my judge*——] These are not mere words  
 of passion, but technical terms in the canon law—*Detestor* and  
*Recuso*. The former in the language of the canonists, signifies  
 no more, than I *protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>7</sup> *—gain[say]* i. e. deny. So, in lord Surrey's translation  
 of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

“ I hold thee not, nor yet *gain[say]* thy words.”

STEEVENS.

His

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd ;

\* You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility : but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted \*,  
Where powers are your retainers : and your words,  
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour, than  
Your high profession spiritual ; That again

\* *You sign your place and calling, —*] *Sign, for answer.*

WARBURTON.

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

\* *— now are mounted,*

*Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,*

*Domesticks to you, serve your will, —*]

You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue : and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms ; *Having now got power, you do not regard your word.* JOHNSON.

I believe we should read :

“ Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,

“ *Domesticks* to you, &c.”

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images ; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*.

TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal, a poem*, 1599 :

“ I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell ;

“ I car'd not for the gentry, for I had

“ *Yong nobles* of the land, &c.” STEEVENS.

I do

I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, come into  
 the court.

*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Queen.* What need you note it? pray you, keep  
 your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on;  
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,  
 Upon this business, my appearance make  
 In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]*

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world, who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—  
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, ' could speak thee out)  
 The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;  
 And, like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your highness,  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing

' — could speak thee out) ] If thy several qualities had tongues  
 to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

Of

Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd; <sup>2</sup> although not there  
At once and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness; or  
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do; by some of these.  
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd;  
But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,  
The passages made toward it:—<sup>3</sup> on my honour,

<sup>2</sup> ——— *although not there*

At once, *and fully satisfied*) ———]

What he aims at is this; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, though the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction; as much as to say, I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my character, though I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice. It seems then that Shakspeare wrote:

Aton'd, *and fully satisfied.* ——— WARBURTON.

I do not see what is gained by this alteration. The sense, which is encumbered with words in either reading, is no more than this. I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *on my honour,*

*I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,]*

The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

I speak

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—  
 I will be bold with time, and your attention :—  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give  
 heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 \* Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. ' This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerations did throng,

\* *Scruple, and prick, —*] Prick of conscience was the term  
 in confession. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says : " The  
 special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulosity  
 that pricked my conscience, &c." See *Holinshed*, p. 907.  
 STERVEN.

5 ———— *This respite shook*

*The bosom of my conscience, ————*]

Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet  
 wrote :

*The bottom of my conscience. ————*

Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent ob-  
 server of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech  
 which he has given to king Henry upon this subject, makes him  
 deliver himself thus : " Which words, once conceived within  
 the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous  
 doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed,  
 and disquieted." *Vid.* Life of *Henry VIII.* p. 907.

THEOBALD.

And



And pres'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead: for her male-issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus °hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private  
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,—  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,

• ———hulling in

*The wild sea———]*

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *bull*,  
 when she is dismasted, and only her *bull*, or *bulk*, is left at the  
 direction and mercy of the waves.

So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:

“ And they lye *bulling up and down the stream.*”

STEEVENS.

And

And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;  
And did'entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*King.* 'I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded.  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;  
For no dislike i'the world against the person  
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

'I then mov'd you,] I have rescued the text from Holinshed.—  
"I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then  
ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in  
some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my  
lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first  
to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to  
put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords."  
Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THEOBALD.

\* *That's paragon'd i' th' world.*] Hammer reads, I think,  
better:

———*The primest creature*

*That's paragon'd o' th' world.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

No: but she is an earthly paragon.

Again, in another of our author's plays:

———an angel! or, if not,

An earthly paragon.

To paragon, however, is a verb used by Shakspeare both in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello*:

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

———a maid

That paragon's description and wild fame. STEEVENS.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court to further day :  
Mean while must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart*].

*King.* I may perceive,  
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd*].

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's Apartments.*

*The Queen and her women, as at work.*

*Queen.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad  
with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave work-  
ing.

\* [*They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add : *The king speaks to Cranmer.* This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey, that he is return'd and install'd archbishop of Canterbury :  
*My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return !*—

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

RIDLEY.

SONG.

## S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his musick, plants, and flowers,  
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art;  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, bearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* How now?

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence<sup>1</sup>.

*Queen.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Queen.* Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour? I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

<sup>2</sup> They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:

But,

<sup>1</sup> *Wait in the presence.*] i. e. in the presence-chamber.

STEEVENS:

<sup>2</sup> *They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:] Affairs for professions; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The proposition is they are priests. The illation, therefore they are good men; for being understood: but if affairs be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. WARBURTON.*

The

But, All hoods make not monks<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Queen.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions

Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,

\* Envy and base opinion set against 'em,

I know my life so even: If your business

<sup>5</sup> Seek me out, <sup>6</sup> and that way I am wife in,

Out

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their present errand, but the *business* of their calling. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —All hoods make not monks.] Cucullus not facit monachum.

STEEVENS.

\* Envy and base opinion set against 'em,] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Seek me out,] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read—if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am wife in; i. e. in the way that I can understand.

TYRWHITT.

The metre shews here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know my life so even. If 'tis your business

To seek me out, &c. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> —and that way I am wife in,] That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning,

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what.

Out with it boldly ; " Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

*Queen.* O, good my lord, no Latin ?  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,  
If you ipeak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,  
(And service to his majesty and you)  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
You have too much, good lady : but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which (was too far)—

whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published :

*And that way I am wise in.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> O, good my lord, no Latin.] So, Holinshed, p. 908 :

" Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English."

STEEVENS.

Offers,

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service, and his counsel:—

*Queen.* To betray me. [*Aside.*  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work.  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been<sup>s</sup>, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman; friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Queen.* In England,  
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(<sup>9</sup> Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,

<sup>s</sup> *For her sake that I have been, &c.*] For the sake of that royalty that I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest*)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *weigh out my afflictions,*] This phrase is obscure. *To weigh out*, is, in modern language, *to deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. *To weigh* is likewise *to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention*. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, *to weigh out*, may signify *to counter-balance, to counteract* with equal force. JOHNSON.

*To weigh out* is the same as *to outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare has *overcome for come over*. STEEVENS.

They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;

He's loving, and most gracious : 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause ;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :  
Is this your christian counsel ? out upon ye !  
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen.* ' The more shame for ye ; holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me—  
(If you have any justice, any pity ;

<sup>2</sup> *The more shame for ye ;—*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good. The distressed of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.



If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
 Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;  
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Queen.* Have I liv'd thus long,—let me speak  
 myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one ?  
 A woman, (I dare say, without vain-glory)  
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd  
 him ?

Been, out of fondness, <sup>3</sup> superstitious to him ?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title  
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities,

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Queen.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !

\* Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What

<sup>3</sup> ——— *superstitious to him ?* ] That is, served him with superstitious attention ; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Ye have angels' faces, ———* ] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

What will become of me now, wretched lady ?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[To her women,

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lilly,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,

You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,

The way of our profession is against it ;

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm ; Pray, think us

I find this jingle in the *Arrangement of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth* ; and adds :

“ Her people are cyleped *angeli*,

“ Or if I miss a letter, is the most.”

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerade*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint.—“ *England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angels faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of Lyons.” STEEVENS.

Those

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so, You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
you ;

Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Queen.* Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,  
forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;  
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons,  
Pray, do my service to his majesty :  
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E II.

*Antichamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of  
Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And<sup>s</sup> force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them : If you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,

<sup>s</sup> And force them——] Force is enforce, urge. See Vol. II.  
p. 86. JOHNSON.

With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontain'd gone by him, <sup>6</sup> or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard <sup>7</sup>  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
What we can do to him, (though now the time  
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found

<sup>6</sup> ———— or at least  
Strangely neglected? ————]

The plain sense requires us to read:

Stood not neglected? ———— WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration makes a more correct sentence, but in our authour's licentious English, the passage, as it stands, means the same as, *which of the peers has not gone by him contained or neglected?* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ———— when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself?]

The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolfey to be noble, which was not so: we should read and point;

——— when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person;  
Out of himself?

i. e. when did he regard nobleness of blood in another; having none of his own to value himself upon? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another?* JOHNSON.

Matter

Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,  
In the divorce, his<sup>s</sup> contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came  
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,  
*My king is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.*

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

\*Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts,

\*And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick  
After his patient's death; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;  
For, I profess, you have it,

\* ————contrary proceedings.] Private practices opposite to his public procedure. JOHNSON.

\* And hedges, his own way. ————] To hedge, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

Sur.

266 KING HENRY VIII.

*Sur.* Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation ;  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and compleat  
In mind and feature ; I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd <sup>2</sup>.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, Amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry, ha, louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd, in his opinions ; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom <sup>3</sup> : shortly, I believe,

His

<sup>1</sup> Trace the conjunction !] To trace, is to follow. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> In it be memoriz'd.] To memorize is to make memorable,  
The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, act I. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> He is return'd, in his opinions ; which  
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges,  
Almost in Christendom : ———]

Thus

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him  
For it, an archbishop,

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.  
The cardinal—

*Enter Wolsey, and Cromwell.*

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody,

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber,

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed  
Was in his countenance: You, he bade  
Attend him here this morning,

Wol. Is he ready  
To come abroad?

Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, says *Suf-*  
*folk*, *is returned in his opinions*, i. e. with the same sentiments,  
which he entertained before he went abroad, *which* (sentiments)  
*have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred*  
*to on the occasion.*—Or, perhaps, the passage (as *Mr. Tyr-*  
*whitt* observes) may mean—*He is return'd in effect, having sent*  
*his opinions*, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.  
*Mr. Rowe* altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding edi-  
tors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

*He is return'd with his opinions, which*  
*Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,*  
*Gather'd from all the famous colleges*  
*Almost in Christendom.*— STEEVENS.

*Crom.*

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—  
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him ;  
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's  
daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-  
tuous,

And well-deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would, 'twere something that would fret  
the string,  
The master cord of his heart !

\* *Enter the King, reading a schedule ; and Lovel.*

*Suf.* The king, the king.

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To

\* *Enter the King, reading a schedule ;]* That the cardinal gave  
the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake,  
and



To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords ;  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him : Some strange commo-  
tion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,

and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

“ Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

“ Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof ; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect, &c.” STEEVENS.

Springs

Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again ;  
 Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts  
 His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
 We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be ;  
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
 As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found  
 There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It is heaven's will,  
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
 To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think  
 His contemplations were above the earth,  
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
 Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,  
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
 His serious considering.  
*[He takes his seat ; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.]*

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !—  
 Ever God bless your highness !

*King.* Good my lord,  
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
 You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
 To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that  
 I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,

<sup>s</sup> ——— *then, stops again,*] Sallust describing the disturbed  
 state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.

“ ——— *citus modo, modo tardus incessus.*” STEVENS.

For

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i'the state; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying!

*King.* 'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:  
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean?

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours

<sup>6</sup> *Beyond all man's endeavours—*] *Endeavours* for deserts.  
But the Oxford editor not knowing the sense in which the word  
is here used, alters it to *ambition*. WARBURTON.

To put *ambition* in the place of *endeavours* is certainly wrong;  
and to explain *endeavours* by *deserts* is not right. The sense, and  
that not very difficult, is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *en-  
deavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within  
the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

Have

Have ever come too short of my desires,  
 ' Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person; and  
 The profit of the state. For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
 My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is  
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it; as, <sup>8</sup> i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, <sup>9</sup> notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

<sup>7</sup> Yet, fil'd with my abilities:—] My endeavours, though less  
 than my desires, have fil'd, that is, have gone an equal pace  
 with my abilities. JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene:

—front but in that file

Where others tell steps with me. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —o' the contrary

The foulness is the punishment.]

So Hammer. The rest read:

—i' the contrary. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —notwithstanding that your bond of duty,] Besides the ge-  
 neral bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and  
 obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me,  
 as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

And

And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
 'As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken:—

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;  
*[Giving him papers.]*  
 And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the  
 Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]*

*Wol.* What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;  
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!

*As doth a rock against the chiding flood,]*

“Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit” *Æn.* 7. v. 586.  
 S. W.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk, the Earl of  
 Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
 commands you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
 To *Esher house*<sup>2</sup>, my lord of Winchester's,  
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay,  
 Where's your commission lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so mighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em?  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* 'Till I find more than will, or words, to  
 do it,

(I mean,

<sup>2</sup> *To Escher house,*] The old copy reads—*Escher*. It was anciently so called, as appears from *Holinshed*:

“—and everie man took their horses and rode strait to  
*Escher*.” *Holinshed*, p. 909, Vol. II. WARNER.

<sup>3</sup> 'Till I find more than will or words to do it,

(I mean your malice) know,—  
 I dare—deny it.]

They bid him render up his *seal*. He answers, *where's your commission?* They say, *we bear the king's will from his mouth*. He replies, *till I find*, &c. i. e. all the *will* or *words* I yet discover proceed from your malice; and till I find more than that, I shall not comply with your demand. One would think this plain enough; yet the Oxford editor, in the rage of emendation, alters the line thus:

*Whilst I find more than his will or words to do it,  
 I mean your malice, &c.*

which

(I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,  
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland;

which bears this noble sense, worthy a wise lord chancellor:  
Whilst I find your malice joined to the king's will and pleasure,  
I shall not obey that will and pleasure. **WARBURTON.**

Wolsey had said:

———*Words cannot carry*

*Authority so mighty*

To which they reply:

*Who dare cross 'em? &c.*

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious will and words) to do it; that is, to carry authority so mighty; I will deny to return what the king has given me.* **JOHNSON.**

Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else

• This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour;  
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a founder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st  
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks\*.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;

\* *And dare us with his cap, like larks.]* It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in *Skelton's Why come ye not to Court?*  
i. e. a satire on Wolsey:

The red hat with his lure,  
Bringeth al things under cure. STEEVENS.

The



The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you  
 'Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench  
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this  
 man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
 hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
 And spotless, shall my innocence arise,  
 When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
 I thank my memory, I yet remember  
 Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
 You'll shew a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir;

<sup>s</sup> *Worse than the sacring bell,—*] The little bell, which is rung  
 to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in pro-  
 cession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called  
 the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*.

THEOBALD.

The abbess in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626, says:

“—you shall ring the *sacring* bell,

“Keep your hours, and toll your knell.”

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:

“He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of  
 a to-morrow mass.”

The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his  
 translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi. STEEVENS.

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those, than my head. Have  
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-  
stance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing<sup>6</sup>  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to the mere undoing ——— ] *Mere* is absolute. See Vol. I.  
p. 7. STEEVENS.

*Suf.*

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *Premunire*?—  
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
\* Castles, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Excunt all but Wolsey.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—<sup>9</sup> nips his root,

And

<sup>7</sup> of a *præmunire*.] It is almost unnecessary to observe that  
*præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*.

STEVENS.

\* Castles, and whatsoever, ———

I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine  
word, because the judgment in a writ of *Premunire* is, that the  
defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and  
tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king; and that his  
body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very  
description of the *Premunire* is set out by Holinshed in his *Life*  
of King Henry VIII. p. 909. THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> —nips his root,] As spring frosts are not injurious to the  
roots of fruit-trees, I should imagine the poet wrote *shoot*, i. e. that  
tender *shoot* on which are the young leaves and blossoms. The  
comparison, as well as expression of *nips*, is juster too in this  
reading. He has the same thought in *Love's Labour Lost*:

T 4

“ *Biron*

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me,  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin;  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer<sup>2</sup>,

"Biron is like an envious sneaping frost

"That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

So Milton in *Samson Agonistes*:

"Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,

"Nip'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost."

which seems to be taken from the place in question.

WARBURTON.

Here is a long note. But at last we may as well continue the ancient reading. Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poetics*:

"And frosts so nip the *rootes* of vertuous meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

— and our ruin,] The old copy reads:

— their ruin. STEEVENS.

If by *ruin* we understand *displeasure*, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights, the old reading (*their*) may stand. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,] In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,

"We fall at once like pillars of the sunne, &c."

STEEVENS.

Never

Never to hope again.—

*Enter Cromwell, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right  
use of it.

*Wol.* I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden;

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May

May have ' a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them ?  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
I know his noble nature, not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

<sup>3</sup> ———a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !] The chancellor  
is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very  
harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who  
recollect the following epigram of Martial :

*Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,  
Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram.  
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,  
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.  
Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro  
Vipera si tumulo nobiliore jacet.*

The Heliades certainly wept a tomb of tears over the viper.

STEEVENS.

*Crom.*

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
The king shall have my service, but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last: \* cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;

### Corruption

\* —cherish those hearts that hate thee;] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, to *cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion the poet wrote:

—cherish those hearts that wait thee;

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

*Corruption wins not more than honesty.*

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
 Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 'Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

sions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. *WARBURTON.*

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be absolutely necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for *Wolfey* to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. *Shakspeare* would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. *STEEVENS.*

'*Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by *Wolfey*. *JOHNSON.*

When *Samrah*, the deputy governor of *Basorah*, was deposed by *Moawiyah* the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." *STEEVENS.*

*Antonio Perez*, the favourite of *Philip the Second of Spain*, made the same pathetic complaint: "*Mon zèle étoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse en autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eût déjà récompensé de son paradis.*" *MALONE.*

*Wol.*



*Wol.* So I have. Farewel.  
The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
[*Exeunt.*]

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Street in Westminster.*

*\* Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

1 *Gen.* You are well met <sup>6</sup> once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here; and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;

This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well : the citizens,  
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds ;  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of <sup>7</sup> this day with shews,  
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

<sup>6</sup> ————once again.] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————this day———] Hammer reads :

———these days,———  
but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our authour commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

2 *Gen.*

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those, that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!—  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is com-  
ing. [Hautboys.]

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis*

6. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
  7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
  8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
  9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
  10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—Theſe I know;—  
Who's that, that bears the ſcepter?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorſet:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame; high ſteward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven bleſs thee! [*Looking on the queen.*]  
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;  
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:  
I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 Gen. They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gen. Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near her.  
I take

I take it, she that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the croud i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled,  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces.  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go, \* like rams

\* ———like rams] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

In

In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, what follow'd ?

3 Gen. At length her grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury,  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Lay'd nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it York place,  
that's past :

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;  
'Tis now the King's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 Gen. Stokesly, and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-  
chester,

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)  
The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gen. All the land knows that :  
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king has made him  
Master o' the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick, led between Griffith  
her gentleman-usber, and Patience her woman.*

*Grif.* How does your grace?

*Kath.* O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:

[SCENE II.] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads<sup>2</sup>, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath:* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity,—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach<sup>3</sup>, ever ranking

<sup>1</sup> —be stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.]

*Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —with easy roads,—] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Of an unbounded stomach,—] i. e. of unbounded pride, or haughtiness. So, Holinshed, speaking of king Richard III :  
“ Such a great audacitie and such a stomach reigned in his bodie.” See Vol. I. p. 18. STEEVENS.

Himself with princes; \* one, that by suggestion  
 Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;  
 His own opinion was his law: I' the presence

He

\* ———one, that by suggestion

Ty'd all the kingdom:]

i. e. by giving the king pernicious counsel, he *ty'd* or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue. For the late Roman writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it: *Suggestio est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit*. So that nothing could be severer than this reflection, that that wholesome counsel, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so empoisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country. Yet all this fine sense vanishes instantaneously before the touch of the Oxford editor, by his happy thought of changing *ty'd* into *tyb'd*. WARBURTON.

The word *suggestion*, says the critick, is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from the late Roman writers and their glossers. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*:

“ This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning; he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example.”  
 Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyb'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still chuse to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal*! A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal*: who having insolently



He would say untruths ; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :

His

solently told the *lord-mayor* and *aldermen*, " For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient ; " Sers, speake not to breake that thynge that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie, the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again ; " Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, making of abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *treasore egall with the kinges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says :

" I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had  
" *Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land, &c."

STEEVENS.

*Ty'd* all the kingdom :] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. sc. ii. " free us from his slavery," " or this imperious man will work us from princes into pages ; all men's honours, &c." Act III. sc. ii. " You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644. " Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakespeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would the afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that " the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing<sup>5</sup>.  
 Of his own body he was ill<sup>6</sup>, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
 We write in water<sup>7</sup>. May it please your highness

To

parallel one in the *Chronicle*." i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a public tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tytb'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i. "No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. ult. "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*, "You have sent innumerable substance (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom. This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLER.

<sup>5</sup> —as he is now, nothing.] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

" ————— Great men

" Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in

" Their promises; but those obtain'd, weak pygmies

" In their performance." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Of his own body he was ill,] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258: "he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *viill* of her bodie with him." STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 16. temp. Ed. V, "She was naught of her bodye." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ————— their virtues

We write in water. —————]

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*:

" —all

To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from 'an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,  
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,

“ ———— all your better deeds  
“ Shall be in *water writ*, but this in marble.”

STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in *Tho. More's Hist. of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, “Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste.” *More's Works*, bl. l. 1557, p. 59.

PERCY.

In Whitney's *Emblemes*, printed at Leyden, 4to, 1586, p. 183, is the following:

Scribit in marmore læsus,  
In marble harde our harmes wee alwayes grave,  
Because, wee still will beare the same in minde:  
In duste wee write the benefittes we have,  
Where they are soone defaced with the winde.  
So, wronges wee houlde, and never will forgive;  
And soone forget, that still with us shoulde live.

Again, as the author of *THE REMARKS* quotes from Harrington's *Ariosto*:

Men say it, and we see it come to pass,  
Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ in brass.

To avoid an unnecessary multiplication of instances, I shall just observe, that the same sentiment is to be found in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, Act V. sc. ii. and Marston's *Malecontent*, Act II. sc. iii.

EDITOR.

Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it<sup>8</sup>;  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising;  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
 For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little:  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that said note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down  
 quiet,  
 For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another<sup>9</sup>,  
 six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their  
 heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their  
 faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands.*

<sup>8</sup> ———he did it;] The old copy reads:

———that did it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———solemnly tripping one after another,] This whimsical  
 stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

*They*

*They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the musick leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench; pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a sawcy fellow;  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

*Mes.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this  
fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

*[Exeunt Griffith, and Messenger.]*

*Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius,*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord,  
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too  
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How

How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king<sup>1</sup>.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—  
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;  
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;  
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women<sup>2</sup>, that so long

<sup>1</sup> *This to my lord the king.*] So *Holinshed*, p. 939: “—perceiving hir selfe to wax verie weak and feeble, and to feelee death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My wretched women——deserve*

*A right good husband; let him be a noble.*

I would read the last line only with a comma:

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction. WHALLEY.

*A right good husband, let him be a noble.*] *Let him be*, I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be*; or,—*admit that he be*. She means to observe that, that nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.

STEEVENS.

Have

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
 (And now I should not lye) but will deserve,  
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty, and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
 The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
 And something over to remember me by :  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will ;  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;—  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.  
 I can no more.— [ *Exeunt, leading Katharine,*

A C T



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Some part of the Palace.*

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

Gard. It's one o' clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,

<sup>3</sup> Not for delights; times to repair our nature

With comforting repose, and not for us

To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero<sup>4</sup> With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?

<sup>3</sup> *Not for delights;—*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—at primero*] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera Primavista*. La *Primiers*, G. Prime, f. *Prime venue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Monsieur's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. GREY.

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612.

“Come will your worship make one at primero?”  
Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“—when it may be, some of our butterfly judgments expected a set at maw or *primavista* from them.”

STEEVENS.

It

It seems, you are in haste : an if there be  
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
 ' Some touch of your late business : Affairs, that  
 walk.

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
 In them a wilder nature, than the business  
 That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you ;  
 And durst commend a secret to your ear  
 Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
 labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,  
 She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit, she goes with,  
 I pray for heartily ; that it may find  
 Good time, and live : but for the stock, sir Thomas,  
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methink, I could  
 Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says  
 She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
 Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, sir, sir,—  
 Hear me, sir Thomas : You are a gentleman  
 ' Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
 'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,—  
 'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
 Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
 The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
 well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
 O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,

<sup>s</sup> *Some touch of your late business :—*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—mine own way ;—*] Mine own opinion in religion.

JOHNSON.

Stands

' Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him : The archbishop  
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; And who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gard.* Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretick, a pestilence  
That does infect the land : with which they moved,  
Have ' broken with the king ; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented<sup>1</sup>. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights my lord ; I rest your ser-  
vant. [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

<sup>1</sup> *Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,*] *Trade* is the  
*practised method, the general course.* JOHNSON.

*Trade* has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning  
in *K. Richard II.*

" Some way of common trade." See Vol. II. p. 90.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *I have*

*Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is, &c.*

*A most arch heretick, ———]*

This passage, according to Shakspeare's licentious grammar, may  
mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is,  
i. e. because. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *broken with the king ; ———]* They have broken silence ;  
told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *He be convented.*] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. See  
Vol. II. p. 150. STEEVENS.

As

*As Lovel is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—  
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou? ha!  
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles,  
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night. *[Exit Suffolk.]*

*Enter*

*Enter fir Anthony Denny* <sup>2</sup>.

Well, fir, what follows ?

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.*

<sup>2</sup> *Enter fir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Lives and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

“ When night came, the king sent fir Anthony Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty confiderations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines) as information is given to us, have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in these matters, you being a counsellor.

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am conteht if it please your grace with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandement; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthie of such reporte.

The king perceiving the man's uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner a man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witnesse against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waite than your matter Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not

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X

fo

*King.* Ha! Canterbury?  
*Denny.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.*

so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailler, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie my lords, but that I must needes go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ryng, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

The archbishop perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile chamber doore could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's phyfition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile chamber doore amongste them. It is not so, (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile chamber, to whom was alleaded as before is rehearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no manner of persuation or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat some-  
 what

# KING HENRY VIII.

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*King.* 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

*Denny.* He attends your highness' pleasure:.

*King.* Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*]

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake;  
I am happily come hither.

[*Aside.*]

*Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovel seemeth to stay.*]

what amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemne othe, said; When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to waite at the counsaile chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailler as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsailler, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things he done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnelie laying his hand upon his brest) said, by the faith I owe to God I take this man here my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, then for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lordes, (quoth the king) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more adoe. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man." STERVENS.

X 2

Ha!

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt Lovel, and Denny.]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?  
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: ' You a brother  
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

<sup>3</sup> ————You a brother of us,] You being one of the council,  
it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may  
not be deterred. JOHNSON.



Than I myself, poor man<sup>4</sup>.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury;  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,  
Without indurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
'The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck<sup>5</sup>,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd

<sup>4</sup> *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The good I stand on—*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

*The ground I stand on—* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Ween you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to ;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

**Gran.** God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*King.* Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see  
You do appear before them : if they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.—Look, the good man  
                  weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !  
I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a foul  
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled  
His language in his tears. [Exit Cranmer.

*Enter an old Lady.*

**Gen.** [*within.*] Come back; What mean you?

*Lady.* I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings !

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven  
Both now and ever 'bless her!——'tis a girl,

2. ~~...bless her!~~] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl, JOHNSON.

Pro-

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be —  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel<sup>8</sup>, —

*Enter Lovel.*

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the  
queen. *[Exit King.]*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have  
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

## S C E N E II.

*Before the Council-Chamber.*

*Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gen-  
tleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? —  
Hoa!

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, 'till you be call'd  
for.

\* *Lovel, —*] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence,  
and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at  
the instant when the king calls for him. STEVENS.

X 4

*Enter*

*Enter Doctor Butts.*

*Cran. So.—*

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily: The king  
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit Butts.*

*Cran. [Aside.]* 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician; As he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make  
me  
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King, and Butts, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

*King.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet, I had thought  
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets,  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;

*Let*

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;  
We shall hear more anon.—

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master Secretary :  
Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

*[Cranmer approaches the council table.]*

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold

\* *Chan. Speak to the business,—* This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor : but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529 ; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534) sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our poet's chancellor ; who succeeded sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. **THEOBALD.**

That

That chair stand empty : But we all are men,  
 In our own natures frail ; and capable  
 Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty,  
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-  
 lains',

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,  
 Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
 My noble lords ; for those, that tame wild horses,

— and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels :]

If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity.*

Shakspeare uses the word *capable* as perversely in *K. Lear* :

— and of my land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the mean  
 To make thee *capable*. STEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare wrote :

— In our own natures frail, *incapable* ;

Of our flesh, few are angels. —

We are all frail in our natures, and *weak in our understandings*.  
 So, in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599 :

" To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble

" Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull, *uncapable*."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" As one *incapable* of her own distress."

In *King Richard III.* the word *capable* is used to denote a per-  
 son of *capacity* and good sense :

" — O, 'tis a parlous boy,

" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

Again, in *Love's Labour Lost* : " If their daughters be *capable*,  
 I will put it to them." Again, in *Hamlet* :

" His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

" Would make them *capable*."

The subsequent words, strongly support this conjecture :

" — out of which *frailty*,

" And want of wisdom, you, &c."

The transcriber's ear, I believe, here, as in many other places,  
 deceived him. MALONE.

Pace

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
'em,

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany<sup>2</sup>, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gard.* My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

<sup>2</sup> *The upper Germany, &c.*] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GRAY.

And

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
 Where, being but a private man again,  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cram.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank  
 you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful: I see your end,  
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,  
 Become a churchman better than ambition;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect  
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,  
 To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good master Secretary,  
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
 Of all this table say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

<sup>3</sup> —your painted gloss, &c.] Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —'tis a cruelty.

To load a falling man.]

This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

—O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far. STEVENS.

*Gard.*



*Gard.* Do I not know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gard.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* 'Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you; not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do:

Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gard.* What other

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gard.* Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cham.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.*

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd ?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him ?  
'Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales, and informations,  
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

*Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious :  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgement comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
dations,  
Bishop of Winchester. <sup>5</sup> But know, I come not  
To

<sup>5</sup> ——— But know, I come not  
To bear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;  
They are too thin, and base to hide offences.]

I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus :

————— I come not  
To hear such flatteries now : and in my presence  
They are too thin, &c.

It

To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;  
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.  
 To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
 But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—  
 Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
 [To Cranmer.]

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,——

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy  
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all, What was purpos'd,  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;  
 I am sure, in me.

It then follows,

To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.  
 But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written;  
 To one you cannot reach you play the spaniel;  
 The relative *whom* being understood. WHALLEY...

*King.*

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, If a prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;  
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-  
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me:  
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, 'you'd spare your  
spoons: you shall have

Two

—*you'd spare your spoons:*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Thus, in the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationer's company, "a spoyn of the gyfte of master Regi-  
"nold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of St. John."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390*, &c. observes, that "the general mode of eating must either have been with the spoon or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason, that spoons became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings."

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartbolomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind:—"and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620:

"What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?

"A faire high standing-cup, and two great

"'Poffle

Two noble partners with you; the old dutches of Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—  
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart,  
And brother's love, I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

“ *Poſſible ſpoons*, one of them gilt.—

“ Sure that was Judas with the red beard.”

Again:

“ E'en the ſame goſſip 'twas that gave the *ſpoons*.”

Again, in ſir W. D'avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1639:

“ ———my pendants, carcanets, and rings,

“ My chriſt'ning caudle-cup, and *ſpoons*,

“ Are diſſolv'd into that lump.”

Again, in the *Maid in the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Didſt aſk her name? ———

“ Yes, and who gave it her;

“ And what they promis'd more, beſides a *ſpoon*,

“ And what *apostles picture*.”

Again, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by the ſame authors:

“ I'll be a goſſip, Bewford,

“ I have an odd *apostle ſpoon*.” STEEVENS.

As the following ſtory, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Paſſages and Feaſts*, Mſ. Harl. 6395, contains an alluſion to this cuſtom, and has not, I believe, been publiſhed, it may not be an improper ſupplement to this account of *apostle ſpoons*. It ſhews that our author and Ben Jonſon were once on terms of familiarity and friendſhip, however cold and jealous the latter might have been in a ſubſequent period:

“ Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonſon's children, and after the chriſtening, being in deepe ſtudy, Jonſon came to cheer him up, and aſkt him why he was ſo melancholy? No faith, Ben, ſays he, not I; but I have beene conſidering a great while what ſhould be the fitteſt gift for me to beſtow upon my god-child, and I have reſolv'd at laſt. I pr'ythee, what? ſays he.—I faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten ſpoons*, and thou ſhalt tranſlate them.”

The collector of theſe anecdotes appears to have been nephew to ſir Roger L'Eſtrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this ſtory. MALONE.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd,  
Of thee, which says thus: *Do my lord of Canterbury,  
A brew'd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—  
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:  
Do ye take the court for <sup>7</sup>Paris-garden? ye rude  
slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.*

<sup>7</sup> *Paris-garden?*] This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-side, was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* 11. Blount's *GLOSSOGRAPH.* in verb. MALONE.

So, in *Sir W. Davenant's News from Plimouth*:

“——do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?

“You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,

“And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden?*”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Exercitation on Vulcan*:

“And cried, it was a threatening to the bears,

“And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden.*”

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over-against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the

*Globe*

..II7 ..

*Within.* Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient<sup>s</sup>; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning<sup>9</sup>; which will never be:  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound eudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Globe* playhouse faced Blackfryars, Fleetditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a South View of London, (as it appeared in 1599) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery-Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Pray, sir, be patient*;] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *On May-day morning*;] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *Maying* on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEVENS.

Stow says, that “in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise (i. e. concert) of birds, praising God in their kind.” See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo, 1777, p. 255. EDITOR.

Y 2

*Port.*

*Port.* You did nothing, fir.

*Man.* I am not Sampson, nor ' fir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me : but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Within.* Do you hear, master Porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this ' Morefields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian ' with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! O' my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, fir. There

<sup>1</sup> —[*fir Guy, nor Colbrand,*] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Morefields to muster in ?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *some strange Indian*] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot now be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast

“ Lately brought from the land of *Cataia*.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakespeare :

“ The Bavian with long tail and eke long tool.”

COLLINS.

*Fig. I.* in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet ; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLET.

is



is a fellow somewhat near the door, he <sup>4</sup> should be a braiser by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. <sup>5</sup> There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I met the <sup>6</sup> meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, <sup>7</sup> clubs! when I might see

<sup>4</sup> —*he should be a braiser by his face;*] A braiser signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit—*] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: "And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —*the meteor*] The fire-drake, the braiser. JOHNSON.

—*Fire-drake.* A fire-drake is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *disfas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

"Your wild irregular lust, which like those fire-drakes

"Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you

"Forth from the fair path, &c."

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"By the hissing of the snake,

"The rustling of the fire-drake."

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1631:

"So have I seen a fire-drake glide along

"Before a dying man, to point his grave,

"And in it stick and hide."

A fire-drake was likewise an artificial firework. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:

"——— but like fire-drakes,

"Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell." STREYENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*who cried out, clubs!*] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in the *Renegado*:

see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but

——— if he were

In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels  
For striking of a prentice.

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

——— Go, y're a prating jack;

Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,

Can save you from my chastisement. WHALLEY.

\* —the hope of the strand,] Hammer reads, *the forlorn hope.*  
JOHNSON.

\* —that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples.] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:

"Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny."

In *Wit without money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:

"——— break in at plays like prentices, for three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604: *Sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of.

Again, in the *Bellman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616:

"Pay thy twopence to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many twopences you've stow'd to day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609:—"At a new playe you take up the twelvpenny room next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met, &c."

In *Wit without Money*:

"And

but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.  
I have

"And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,  
"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that tobacco was smoked in the same place:

"He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres."

And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, 1607, it should seem that beer was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a bottle of ale cannot be opened, but he thinks somebody hisses." STEEVENS.

[—the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,] I suspect the Tribulation to have been a puritanical meeting-house. The limbs of Limehouse, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in: "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poete laureate, lately deceased." Printed by John Rastell, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechynge on toure hyll." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—*the lambs of Limehouse*.

A limb of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarity; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs:

"I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,

"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,

"And

I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the <sup>2</sup>running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

"And open them on Sundays: a familist,

"And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"I cannot abide these *limbs* of fatten, or rather Satan, &c."

STEEVENS.

I doubt much whether Shakspeare intended in this passage to describe any part of the spectators at the theatre. He seems to me rather to point at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave* or *Heitor of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*: and, *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publicly acted by certain *London* apprentices.

*The fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartbolomew Fair*: "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage! or gathering up the *broken apples*?"——] and the words—"which no audience can endure," shew, I think, that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

*The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers*—were, I suppose, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, A& III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid, *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school; she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.——An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school master in England.—They make all their scholars *play-boys*. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders*? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their *play-books*.—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *running banquet of two beadles,*] A public whipping.

JOHNSON.

This phrase has already occurred in Act I. sc. iv.

some of these

Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested.

A *banquet* in ancient language did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. See in *The Newton's Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "—and are used to be served at the end of meales for a junket or banquetting dish, as sucket and other daintie coniects likewise are." STEEVENS.

Enter

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair ! ~~Where are these porters,~~  
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand,  
fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in : Are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* Please your honour,  
We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;  
And ' here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets found ;  
They are come already from the christening :  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll  
make your head ake.

<sup>3</sup> —*here ye lie baiting of bumbards,*] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel* ; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the spigot.

JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage already quoted in a note on the *Tempest*, act II. sc. ii. out of Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, that *bumbards* were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled *black jacks* of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 : " She looks like a *black bombard* with a pint pot waiting upon it." STREVEN.

*Port.*

330 KING HENRY VIII.

*Port.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;  
\* I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*The Palace.*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodnefs, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princefs of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter King, and Train.*

*Cran.* [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbishop;  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord.— [The King kisses the child.  
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!]

\* *I'll peck you o'er the pales else.* To peck is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense of to pitch. MALONE.

Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossip, ye have been too prodigal:  
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless  
her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows  
with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
God shall be truly known; and those about her

[—every man shall eat in safety,] This part of the prophecy  
seems to have been burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in the  
*Beggars' Bush*; where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory  
speech to the new king of the beggars:

"Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,  
"In his own shade, or sunshine, &c."

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter  
of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under  
his vine." STEVENS.

From

' From her shall read the perfect way of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 [? Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
 darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him,  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour, and the greatness of his name.  
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children

' From her shall read the perfect way of honour;  
 And by those &c.]

So the only authentic copy of this play. But surely we ought to read:

——the perfect ways of honour.

This, I think, is manifest, not only from the words *those* in the next line, but from the scriptural expression, which probably was in our author's thoughts: "Her *ways* are *ways* of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her:—*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

Shall



Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.]

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing:  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
\* And your good brethren, I am much beholden;  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
lords;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,  
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

\* And you good brethren,——] But the *aldermen* were  
never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility  
are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly  
advised;

And your good brethren——  
i. e. the lord mayor's brethren, which is properly their style.

THEOBALD.

THE play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still  
keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry.  
The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together  
in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not  
the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous  
distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be  
justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the  
genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine.  
Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

JOHNSON.

E P I.

# EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
 All that are here : Some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
 We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
 They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to bear the city  
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty !  
 Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we are like to bear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women ;  
 For such a one we shew'd 'em<sup>o</sup> : If they smile<sup>l</sup>,  
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
 If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

<sup>o</sup> In the character of Katharine.

<sup>l</sup> *If they smile, &c.*] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non virtus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible : the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight* ;

——the fellow,

*In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,*  
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our authour might have changed his practice or opinion. JOHNSON.

I en-

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his humour*:

"To make a child now swaddled, to proceed  
 "Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,  
 "Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,  
 "And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,  
 "Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,  
 "And in the tiring-house, &c." STEVENS.

THE historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell, a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was, (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEVENS.

C O R I O.

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# CORIO LANUS.

**VOL. VII.**

**Z**

## Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*  
Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*  
Cominius, }  
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*  
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*  
Junius Brutus, }  
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*  
*Lieutenant to Aufidius.*  
*Young Marcius, Son of Coriolanus.*  
*Conspirators with Aufidius.*

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*  
Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*  
Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Liētors, Soldiers,  
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other  
Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the  
Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the *Life of Coriolanus* in *Plutarch*. POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

C O R I O .

# C O R I O L A N U S.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A Street in Rome.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to furnish?

*All.* Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would re-

1 *One word, good citizens.*

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good.]  
*Good* is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Hoe*:

"—known good men, well monied." *FARMER.*

*Again, in the Merchant of Venice:*

"Antonio's a good man." *MALONE.*

Z 2

lieve

lieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might grieve, they relieved us humanely: <sup>2</sup> but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—<sup>3</sup> Let us revenge this with our pikes, <sup>4</sup> ere we become rakes:

<sup>2</sup> *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes: for pikes then signified the same as forks do now.* So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes.* But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *ere we become rakes:*] It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake.* Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

“As lene was his hors as is a rake.”

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

“His body lean and meagre as a rake.”

*As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

“A meigre leane rake, &c.”

This passage seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition.

STEEVENS.



for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread,  
not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius  
Marcius?

*All.* Against him first; he's a very dog to the  
commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for  
his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give  
him good report for't, but that he pays himself with  
being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done fa-  
mously, he did it to that end: though soft-con-  
scienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his  
country, he did it to please his mother, and to be  
partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of  
his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you ac-  
count a vice in him: You must in no way say, he  
is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of ac-  
cusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in re-  
petition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The  
other side o'the city is risen; Why stay we prating  
here? to the Capitol.

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath  
always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the  
rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand?  
Where go you

Z 3

With

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms to.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will ye undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already,

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;

Bur,

But, since it serves my purpose, 'I will venture  
To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not  
think to fob off our<sup>6</sup> disgrace with a tale: but, an't  
please you, deliver.

*Mem.* There was a time, when all the body's  
members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain.

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

3 ————— *I will venture  
To scale't a little more.*]

To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North.  
The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have  
heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among  
the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—“a *scal'd* pottle of wine”  
in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. So, in *The  
Hystorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. a play pub-  
lished in 1599:

“The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde

“Are *scaled* from their neitling-place, and pleasures pas-  
sage find.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, already quoted:

“————— Cut off his beard. —————

“Fye, fye; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the  
lofs of a little *scal'd* hair.” In the North they say *scale* the corn,  
*i. e.* scatter it: *scale* the muck well, *i. e.* spread the dung well.  
The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Lamb's notes  
on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, *Holinshed*, vol. II. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of  
the Welchmen during the absence of Richard II. says: “—they  
would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away.” So again,  
p. 530: “—whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies.”  
In the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*, the  
following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale*, to scatter,  
to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheweler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines  
passos, seu spartos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus  
*escheweler, schevel, skail*; but of a more general signification.  
See Vol. II. p. 94. STEEVENS.

6 ————disgrace with a tale:] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries*.

JOHNSON.

Like labour with the rest; <sup>7</sup> where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

<sup>3</sup> Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,  
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envy'd his receipt; <sup>9</sup> even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators, for that  
They are not such as you.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
<sup>1</sup> The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabrick, if that they——

*Men.* What then?—

<sup>1</sup> Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;

<sup>7</sup> ———where the other instruments] *Where for whereas.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Which ne'er came from the lungs ———] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———even so most fitly,] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> The counsellor heart, ———] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man.

JOHNSON.

If

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.  
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,  
That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;  
Because I am the store house, and the shop  
Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain\* ;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark  
me,—*

2 Cit. Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each ;  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flower of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?*

2 Cit. It was an answer : How apply you this ?

\* *To the seat o' the brain ;—*] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle :

Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the brain.*

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* act III. sc. iv :

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy *seat*.”——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors :

*The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart.*——TYWHITT.

2 Cit.

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members: For examine  
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things  
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,  
No publick benefit, which you receive,  
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

*2 Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,  
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

*3* Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

*3* *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run  
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—*]

I think, we may better read, by an easy change,  
*Thou rascal that art worst, in blood, to ruin  
Lead'st first, to win, &c.*

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy  
fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, how-  
ever, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running  
dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to  
be gotten. JOHNSON.

*Worst in blood* may be the true reading. In *K. Henry VI.*  
P. I:

“ If we bee English deer, be then *in blood*,”

*i. e.* high spirits.

Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, act IV. sc. v. “ But when  
they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*, &c.”

STEEVENS.

*To win some vantage*, is to get the start, or to begin the chase  
before another dog. TOLLET.

Ought not this passage rather to be pointed thus?

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,  
Lead'st first—

*Thou, that are in the worst condition for running, takest the lead,*  
&c. MALONE.

The

\* The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter Caius Marcius.*

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word,

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will  
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights  
you,

The

\* *The one side must have bale.*—] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for  
misery or calamity.

“ For light she hated as the deadly bale.”

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

STEEVENS.

\* *That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,*

*The other makes you proud*——]

That they did not like war is evident from the reason assigned,  
of its *frighting* them; but why they should not like peace (and  
the reason of that too is assigned) will be very hard to conceive.  
Peace, he says, made them *proud*, by bringing with it an increase  
of wealth and power, for those are what make a people proud;  
but then those are what they *like* but too well, and so must needs  
*like peace* the parent of them. This being contrary to what the  
text says, we may be assured it is corrupt, and that Shakspeare  
wrote:

*That likes not peace, nor war?——*

i. e. whom neither peace nor war fits or agrees with, as making  
them either proud or cowardly. By this reading, *peace* and *war*,  
from being the accusatives to *likes*, become the nominatives. But  
the editors not understanding this construction, and seeing *likes* a  
verb singular, to *curs* a noun plural, which they supposed the  
nominative to it, would, in order to show their skill in grammar,  
alter it to *like*; but *likes* for *pleases* was common with the writers  
of this time. So Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*:

“ *What look likes you best?* ” WARBURTON.

That to *like* is to *please*, every one knows, but in that sense it  
is

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
 Where foxes, geese: You are no furer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. <sup>6</sup> Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-

ness,  
 Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust  
 ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-  
 ter,

That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-  
 ing?

is as hard to say why peace should not *like* the people, as, in the  
 other sense, why the people should not *like* peace. The truth is,  
 that Coriolanus does not use the two sentences consequentially,  
 but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other  
 occasional vices. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ———Your virtue is,  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it.———]

i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences  
 have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he  
 whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> What's their seeking? I believe Shakspeare wrote:  
 What is't they are seeking?

which from the similitude of sound might easily have been con-  
 founded with the present text. Had *seeking* been used substan-  
 tively, the answer would have been, not—for corn—but corn.

MALONE.

Men.



*Men.* For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they  
say,

The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em ! They say ?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol : who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines : side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
enough ?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth<sup>8</sup>,  
And let me use my sword, ' I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could picke my lance<sup>1</sup>.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

*Mar.* They are dissolv'd : Hang 'em !  
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth pro-  
verbs ;

That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must  
eat ;—

That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods  
sent not

<sup>8</sup> —their ruth,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —I'd make a quarry

With thousands—]

Why a quarry ? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

“ And like a quarry cast them on the land.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —picke my lance.] And so the word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—picke me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants. See p. 330.

TOLLET.

Corn

Corn for the rich men only :—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break <sup>a</sup> the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them ?

*Mar.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wif-  
doms,

Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death !  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where's Caius Marcius ?

*Mar.* Here : What's the matter ?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't ; then we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators ;  
Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately  
told us ;

The

<sup>2</sup> —the heart of generosity,] To give the final blow to the  
nobles. Generosity is high birth. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —'tis true, that you have lately told us ;  
The Volces are in arms.]

Corio-

The Volces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility :  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I could wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him : He is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is ;  
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred !

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I  
know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on :—  
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;  
Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Lartius !

*1 Sen.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow :  
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,

Coriolanus had been but just told himself that *the Volces were in arms*. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces are now verified ; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

To

To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,  
 \* Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to 'gird the gods.

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* ' The present wars devour him ! he is grown  
 Too

\* *Your valour puts well forth :—*] That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

' *—to gird—*] To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me.* JOHNSON.

° *The present wars devour him ! he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.*]

Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed, but that the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c.* According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war.* But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in these wars !* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. But the Oxford editor alters it to,

*Too proud of being so valiant.*

and by that means takes away the reason the speaker gives for his cursing. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* To eat up, and consequently

Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,—  
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out on Marcius. *O, if he  
Had borne the business!*

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear

quently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in the second part of  
*K. Henry IV.* act IV. sc. iv:

But thou (the crown) most fine, most honour'd, most  
renown'd,

*Hast eat thy bearer up.*

*He is grown too proud to be so valiant*, may signify, his pride  
is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour.

STEEVENS.

*Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had an-  
ciently the same meaning: So, in *Othello*:

— and my *demerits*

May speak, &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his ser-  
vants, "—I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced  
you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's  
translation of *Pliny's Epistle to T. Vespasian*, 1600: "—his *de-  
merit* had been the greater to have continued his story."

STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

A 2

How

How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,  
 \* More than his singularity, he goes  
 Upon this present action.

*Brut.* Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.*

*i Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
 That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
 And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours ?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,  
 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
 Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone<sup>9</sup>,  
 Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think,  
 I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known* [Reading.  
*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;*  
*The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,*  
*Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,*  
*(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)*  
*And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,*  
*These three lead on this preparation*  
*Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :*  
*Consider of it.*

*i Sen.* Our army's in the field :  
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
 To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,

\* *More than his singularity, &c.]* We will learn what he is to  
 do, besides going himself ; what are his powers, and what is his  
 appointment. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *\_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis not four days gone,] i. e. four days past.*

STEEVENS.

To

To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when  
They needs must shew themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
' To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

<sup>2</sup> Sen. Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands;  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before us, <sup>2</sup> for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

<sup>2</sup> *To take in many towns——*] *To take in* is here, as in many  
other places, *to subdue*. So, in *The Exsecration on Vulcan*, by  
Ben Jonson:

“——The Globe, the glory of the Bank;

“ I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,

“ And raz'd.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *——* for the remove

*Bring up your army:——*]

The first part of this sentence is without meaning. The general had told the senators that the Romans had *prest a power*, which was on foot: To which the words in question are the answer of a senator. And, to make them pertinent, we should read them thus:

*——* fore they remove

*Bring up your army:——*

1. e. Before that power, already on foot, be in motion, bring up your army; then he corrects himself, and says, but I believe you will find your intelligence groundless, the Romans are not yet prepared for us. WARBURTON.

I do not see the nonsense or impropriety of the old reading. Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*: If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to *remove them*. If any change should be made, I would read:

*——* for their remove. JOHNSON.

A a 2

’Tis

'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
'Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

*All.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Caius Marcius' House in Rome.*

*Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

<sup>3</sup> *brows bound with oak:*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

*Vol.*



*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum ;  
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair ;  
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him ;  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
*Come on you cowards ; you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome :* His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

*Vol.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
\* Than gilt his trophy : The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria  
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

\* *Than gilt his trophy.*—] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. So, in *Hen. V.*

Our gaynels and our gilt, are all besmirch'd.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *At Grecian swords contending. Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line :

*At Grecian sword. Contending, tell Valeria.*

STEEVENS.

A a 3

*Vol.*

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Enter Valeria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it<sup>6</sup>!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam<sup>7</sup>.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must

<sup>6</sup> mammock'd it.] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“That he were chop'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> A crack, madam.] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson:

“———Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelessly, and capriciously.”

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

“A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*.”

*Crack* signifies a boy child. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on second part of King Henry IV. Act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS,

have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors !

*Vol.* She fhall, ſhe fhall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably : Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you ?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope : yet, they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth ſa ; go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jeſt with you ; there came news from him laſt night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam ?

*Val.* In earneſt, it's true ; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is :—The Volces have an army forth ; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

A a 4

*Vir.*

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but diseafe our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Before Corioli.*

*Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mes.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mes.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They*

*They sound a parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*I Sen.* No, \* nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

*[Drum afar off.]*

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our  
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with  
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

*[Alarum, far off.]*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*Enter the Volces.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my  
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.]*

\* —nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little.——]

The sense requires it to be read:

——nor a man that fears you more than he;

Or, more probably:

——nor a man but fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little.—— JOHNSON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Marcius.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
 ' You shames of Rome, you ! Herds of boils and  
     plagues  
 Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd  
 Farther than seen, and one infect another  
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,  
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
 From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !  
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale

\* *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius  
*curfing.* STEEVENS.

\* *You shames of Rome, you ! herds of boils &c.*] This passage  
 would, I think, appear more spirited, if it were pointed thus :

All the contagion of the south light on you,  
 You shames of Rome ! you *herd* of—Boils and plagues  
 Plaster you o'er !

You herd of *cowards*, he would say, but his rage prevents him.  
 Coriolanus speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, uses  
 the same expression :

“ —Are these your *herd* ?

“ Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

“ And straight disclaim their tongues ?”

Again, Menenius says :

“ Before he should thus stoop to the *herd* &c.

The first folio countenances this arrangement ; for after the  
 word *Rome* there is a colon, and the second *you* is connected with  
 the subsequent words. This regulation and reading are also  
 farther supported by the old copy, where we find not *herds*, but  
*beard*, which is applicable to a body of men, and cannot be  
 connected with the subsequent words. The modern editors  
 chusing to connect it with *boils* and *plagues* &c. were forced to  
 alter it to herds.

We might read :

—*boards* of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er.

So, in a subsequent scene :

“ The *bearded* plague of the gods.

“ Requite your love !”

But the regulation now proposed, in my opinion, renders any  
 change unnecessary. MALONE.

With

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope;—Now prove good se-  
conds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates.]*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*[Alarum continues.]*

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Enter Titus Lartius.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

2 *Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,*

*And,*

2 *Who, sensible, out-dares———*] The old editions read:

*Who sensibly out-dares———*

Thirlby reads:

*Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.*

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his  
correction. JOHNSON.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*,  
edit. 1633, p. 293:

“ Their

And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy,*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

*Lart.* O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or + make remain alike.

*[They fight, and all enter the city,*

## S C E N E V.

*Within the town.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*[Alarm continues still afar off.]*

" Their very armour by piece-meals fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour, &c."

STEVENS.

3 — Cato's wish: — ] In the old editions it was:

— Calvus' wish: —

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

THEOBALD.

4 — make remain — ] Is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HAMMER.

*Enter*



*Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do 'prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with  
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To  
him:—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,

—prize their honours] In the first edition it is,  
—prize their hours.

I know not who corrected it. A modern editor, who had made  
such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostenta-  
tion of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Yet the old reading is perhaps right, and may bear this sense.  
Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their*  
*time* in packing up trifles of such small value.

So, in sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*:

“—he cried, it was no *time* now to looke after spoil, &c.

STEEVENS.

Prosperity

Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those the places highest! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!—  
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Enter Cominius retreating, with soldiers.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—<sup>6</sup> Ye Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-  
tring,

*Enter a Messenger.*

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

*Mes.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

<sup>6</sup> The Roman gods, &c.

*That both our powers—*

*May give you thankful sacrifice!—*]

This is an address and invocation to them, therefore we should  
read:

*—Ye Roman gods. WARBURTON.*

I saw

I saw our party to the trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

*Mef.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their  
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour?<sup>1</sup>  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mef.* Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter Marcius.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were fled? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man's.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done;

<sup>1</sup> Confound an hour,] *Confound* is here used not in its common  
acceptation, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterere tempus.*

MALONE.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. act I. sc. iii:

He did *confound* the best part of an hour, &c.

STEEVENS.

And

And tapers burnt to bedward<sup>8</sup>;

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire, to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you on what  
side?

They

<sup>8</sup> —to bedward.] So, in *Albion*, 1610:

“Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward.”

STEEVENS.

Again in the *Legend of Cardinal Lorraine*, 1577, sign. G 1,  
“They donned also, lest so soon as their backs were turned to  
“the courtward, and that they had given over the dealings  
“in the affairs, there would come in infinite complaints.”

EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup> *Ransoming him, or pitying.*—] i. e. *remitting his ransom.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —on what side, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

“Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell  
was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men.

The

They have plac'd their men of trust?

*Com.* As I gueſs, Marcius,  
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates<sup>2</sup>,  
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,  
<sup>3</sup> Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beſeech you;  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates:  
<sup>4</sup> And that you not delay the preſent; but,  
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wiſh  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe  
That beſt can aid your action.

*Mar.* Thoſe are they  
That moſt are willing:—If any ſuch be here,  
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting

The conſul made him aunſwer that he thought the bandes which  
were in the vaward of their battell, were thoſe of the Antiates,  
whom they eſteemed to be the warlikeſt men, and which for va-  
liant corage would geve no place to any of the hoſte of their  
enemies. Then prayed Martius to be ſet directly againſt them.  
The conſul graunted him, greatly praying his corage."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —Antiates] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might  
mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quo-  
tation, ſeems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading. "Set  
me againſt Aufidius and his *Antiates*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Their very heart of hope.*] The ſame expreſſion is found  
in Marlowe's *Luſſ's Dominion*:

"——thy deſperate arm  
"Hath almoſt thruſt quite through *the heart of hope*."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And that you not delay the preſent,*——] *Delay*, for let ſlip.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> ——*ſwords advanc'd,*——] That is, ſwords liſted high.

JOHNSON.

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
 Lesser his person than an ill report<sup>6</sup>;  
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself;  
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
 And follow Marcius. *[Waving his hand.]*

*[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him  
 up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
 If these shews be not outward, which of you  
 But is four Voices? None of you, but is  
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:  
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd. <sup>2</sup> Please you to march;  
 And

<sup>6</sup> *Lesser his person than an ill report;*]. The old copy has *lessen*;  
 I suspect the authour wrote:

*Less in his person than in ill report.*

That is; if any one here esteems his reputation above his life.  
 So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

“ That holds his honour higher than his ease——”

If *lessen* be admitted, *regard* or some synonymous word is  
 required, instead of *fear*, to make the passage sense.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Please you to march;*

*And four shall quickly draw out my command,*

*Which men are best inclin'd.]*

I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should  
 they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd*?  
 How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four*  
 that should select them? Perhaps, we may read:

*Please you to march;*

*And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,*

*Which men are least inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be  
 changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear  
 which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.

JOHNSON.

The

And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeant;*

## S C E N E VII.

*The Gates of Corioli.*

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports<sup>s</sup> be guarded: Keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If do fend, dispatch  
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  
For a short holding: if we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lien.* Fear not our care, sir.

The author of the *Revised* thinks the poet wrote:

“ And so I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, “ Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the citie.” STEEVENS.

If we should read *forth* instead of *four*, *forth* cannot signify *forthwith*, but *advancing forward*.

Something like this expression occurs in *K. Richard III*:

Are you drawn *forth* from out a world of men.

TOLLET.

the ports] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

B b 2

*Lart.*

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
 [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter Marcius, and Aufidius.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate  
 thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor  
 More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
 And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
 Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
 And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,  
 Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,  
 Wrench up thy power to highest.

*Auf.* 'Wert thou the Hector,

'Wert thou the Hector,

[That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny.]

The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the whip of their progeny? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the authour must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless whip has some meaning which includes advantage or superiority, as we say, *he has the whip-hand*, for *he has the advantage*.

JOHNSON.

Schoolboys at this day use a similar expression:—

“He is the crack of the school.” MALONE.

That



That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*Here they fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant!—' you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds. [Exeunt fighting.

S C E N E IX.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, &c.*

Com. If I should tell thee<sup>a</sup> o'er this thy day's  
work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,  
Where

<sup>a</sup> ———— you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.]

You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as  
intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary? STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> If I should tell thee, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There the consul Cominius going vp to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddess for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him selfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sorte which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboute all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the

B b 3

consul,

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;  
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
 I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,  
 And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the dull  
 Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
 Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*  
*Our Rome hath such a soldier !*  
 Yet can't thou to a morsel of this feast,  
 Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
 Here is the steed, we the caparisons !  
 Had'st thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more : my mother,  
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
 When she does praise me, grieves me.  
 I have done as you have done ; that's, what I can :  
 Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country :  
 He, that has but effected his good will,  
 Hath overtaken mine act.

consul, he most thanckefully accepted the giste of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generals commendation : and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And, gladly quak'd—*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation.

To *quake* is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Siluer Age*, 1613 :

" We'll *quake* them at that bar

" Where all souls wait for sentence." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Here is the steed, we the caparisons !*] This is an odd encouragement. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *a charter to extol—*] A privilege to praise her own son.  
 JOHNSON.

*Com.*

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,  
(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done) before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* <sup>6</sup> Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all  
The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mat.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus!  
cast up their caps and lances: Cominius, and Lar-  
tius, stand bare.]*

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more! <sup>7</sup> When drums and trumpets  
shall

I' the

<sup>6</sup> Should they not,] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ———When drums and trumpets shall, &c.] In the old copy:

—————when drums and trumpets shall,

I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and cities

Be made all of false-fac'd footing.

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows  
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made  
 A coverture for the wars !—No more, I say ;  
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,  
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,

*When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,*

*Let him be made an overture for the wars :—*

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus :

*—when drums and trumpets shall,*

*I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,*

*Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows*

*Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made*

*An overture for the wars !—*

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps* ; and the latter miserably involved in nonsense by blundering *hymns* into *him*. WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton ; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns* ; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words :

“ —when steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars !”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.* TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter ; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scaevola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation :—

*Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.* STEEVENS.

Here's

Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lyes.

*Com.* Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,  
For what he did<sup>a</sup> before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
Caius Marcius Coriolanus<sup>b</sup>.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*Omnes.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
<sup>c</sup> To undercrest your good addition,

<sup>a</sup> For what he did, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination.” STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> To undercrest your good addition,] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

To

\* To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome

† The best, with whom we may articulate<sup>4</sup>,  
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house<sup>5</sup>; he us'd me kindly:  
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

<sup>2</sup> To the fairness of my power.] *Fairness*, for *utmost*.

WARBURTON.

I know not how *fairness* can mean *utmost*. When two engage  
on equal terms, we say it is *fair*; *fairness* may therefore be *equality*;  
in proportion equal to my power. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> The best—] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —with whom we may articulate,] i. e. enter into articles.  
This word occurs again in *Hen. IV.* act V. sc. i.

“ Indeed these things you have articulated.”

i. e. set down article by article. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> At a poor man's house;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “ Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to  
grant me. Among the Volsces there is an olde friende and hoste  
of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing  
before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore  
prisoner in the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding  
all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure  
if I could saue him from this one daunger: to keepe him from  
being solde as a slaue. STEEVENS.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, and two or three soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

*Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition!—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

\* Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his: ' Mine emulation

Hath

\* *Being a Volcian, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakespeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination. I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

*Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition!* JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

? —*Mine emulation*

*Hath not that honour in't, &c.*] I would rather point the passage thus:

—*Mine*

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where  
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
 True sword to sword, <sup>3</sup> I'll potch at him some way ;  
 Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's  
 poison'd <sup>2</sup>,  
 With only suffering stain by him ; <sup>1</sup> for him  
 Shall flie out of itself : <sup>2</sup> nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
 Being

————— Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where  
 I thought to crush him in an equal force  
 (True sword to sword), I'll potch at him some way  
 Or wrath or craft may find him.

I am not so honourable an adversary as I was ; for *whereas* I  
 thought to have subdued him in equal combat, our swords being  
 fairly opposed to each other ; but now I am determined to de-  
 stroy him in whatever way my resentment or cunning may devise.

*Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— I'll potch at him some way ;] The *Revisal* reads  
*poach* ; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English  
 word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*.

STEEVENS.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in al-  
 most the same sense, p. 31 : " They use also to *poche* them (fish)  
 with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare," TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> *My valour's poison'd*,] The construction of this passage would  
 be clearer, if it were written thus :

———— my valour, poison'd

*With only suffering stain by him, for him*

*Shall flie out of itself.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> ——— for him

*Shall flie out of itself.* ———]

To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from its own native*  
 generosity. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— nor sleep nor sanctuary, &c.,

*Embarquements all of fury, &c.]*

The dramatick art of this speech is great. For after Aufidius  
 had so generously received Coriolanus in exile, nothing but the  
 memory of this speech, which lets one so well into Aufidius's  
 nature, could make his after-perfidy and baseness at all probable.  
 But the second line of this impious rant is corrupt. For though,  
 indeed, he might call the *assaulting* Marcius at any of those sa-  
 cred



Being naked, sick ; nor farie, nor Capitol,  
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the  
 city ;

Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must  
 Be hostages for Rome.

*Sol.* Will not you go ?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove :

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills<sup>4</sup>) bring me word thither

How

cred seasons and places an *embarkment* of fury, yet he could not  
 call the *seasons* and *places* themselves, so. We may believe there-  
 fore that Shakspeare wrote :

Embarrments *all of fury*, &c.

i. e. obstacles. Though those seasons and places are all obsta-  
 cles to my fury, yet, &c. The Oxford editor has, in his usual  
 way, refined upon this emendation, in order to make it his  
 own ; and so reads, *embankments*, not considering how ill this  
 metaphor agrees with what is said just after of their—*lifting up*  
*their rotten privilege*, which evidently refers to a wooden *bar*,  
 not to an earthen *bank*. These two generals are drawn equally  
 covetous of glory : But the Volscian not scrupulous about the  
 means. And his immediate repentance, after the assassinate, well  
 agrees with such a character. WARBURTON.

The contested word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*,  
 and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an  
*embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to  
 favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well  
 enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *At home*, upon my brother's guard,—] In my own house,  
 with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ('Tis south the city mills)] But where could Shakspeare have  
 heard of these mills at Antium ? I believe we should read :

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

*Coriolanus*

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: <sup>7</sup> one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lyncurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your <sup>8</sup> biffon conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: <sup>9</sup> you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of

<sup>7</sup> *one that converses more &c.*] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *biffon conspectuities,*] *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *beefsome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *you wear out a good &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; ' set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers; if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the <sup>2</sup> herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now, my fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

<sup>1</sup> *set up the bloody flag against all patience,*] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *herdsmen of plebeians.*] As kings are called *πολιάρχαι* *πόλις* *ἀρχόντες*.

JOHNSON.

VOL VII.

C c

Vol.

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Both.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a tip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen<sup>4</sup> is but empirick cutique<sup>5</sup>, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings

<sup>3</sup> *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—*] Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton proposed to read, "*Take my cup, Jupiter.*—  
EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> *Galen*] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 before the birth of our Saviour. Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

<sup>5</sup> *empirick cutique*.] Thus the old copies: "The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiric cutic*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empirique*, F.) a quack." REMARKS.

a victory

a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: 'an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate<sup>6</sup> possess'd of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True? pow, wow.

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. ' He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.*

<sup>6</sup> *possess'd of this?* Possess'd, in our authour's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.*

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh: there's nine that I know. Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it

*Men.* One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh;  
—There's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now 'tis twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;  
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the general, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus? :—  
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this, it does offend my heart;  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, fir, your mother.—

was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second one, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of too. WARBURTON.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh— Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.*

UPTON.

\* *Which being advanc'd, declines,——*] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

\* *——Coriolanus.]* The old copy, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*

STEEVENS.

*Cor.*

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity.

[Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,  
What is it ? Coriolanus, must I call thee ?  
But O, thy wife——

Cor. ' My gracious silence, hail !  
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd  
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To Valeria.

\* *My gracious silence, hail !*] The epithet to *silence* shews it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime ; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest !* So, Crasshaw :

“ Sententious show'rs ! O ! let them fall !

“ Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ A lady's tears are silent orators,

“ Or should be so at least, to move beyond

“ The honey-tongued rhetorician.”

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond* ; 1599 :

“ Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good !

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes !

“ Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

“ More than the words, or wisdom of the wise !”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ You shall see sweet silent rhetorick, and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning of *my gracious silence* is only *thou whose silence is so graceful and becoming*. Gracious seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. See Vol. I. p. 199. MALONE.

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;  
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes; I could  
weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Wel-  
come:

A curse begin at very root of's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,  
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of  
men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:  
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right<sup>2</sup>.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* Your hand, and yours:

[*To his wife and mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,  
<sup>3</sup> But with them change of honours.

<sup>2</sup> *Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.]

Rather, I think:

*Com.* Ever right, Menenius.

*Cor.* Ever, ever.

Cominius means to say, that—Menenius is *always the same*;—  
retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V. sc. i.  
upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says,—*Old Cassius*  
*still.* TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *But, with them, change of honours.]* So all the editions  
read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) *to*  
*substitute charge.* For *change*, he thinks, is a very poor expres-  
*sion, and communicates but a very poor idea.* He had better have  
told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated none at*  
*all to him:* However, it has a very good one in itself; and sig-  
*nifies variety of honours; as change of rayment, among the writers*  
*of that time, signified variety of rayment.* WARBURTON.

*Vol.*



*Vol.* I have liv'd  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy :  
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,  
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*  
*[Exeunt in state, as before,*

*Brutus and Sicinius come forward,*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
fights  
Are spectacled to see him : Your prating nurse  
\* Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin <sup>5</sup> pins  
Her richest lockram <sup>6</sup> 'bout her reechy neck,  
Clambering

\* *Into a rapture*——] *Rapture*, a common term at that time  
used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*.

WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a rapture  
means a fit, but it does not appear from the note where the word  
is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability  
“ rapture,” to which children are liable from excessive fits of  
crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious  
scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

<sup>5</sup> *A maukin or malkin*] *Malkin* is properly the diminutive of  
*Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced  
*Maukin*, it signifies a *bare*, *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimaikin*) is  
a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge*  
or *Bess*: the scullion. REMARKS.

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buff,  
foornery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once  
elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this  
Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ Put on the shape of order and humanity,  
“ Or you must marry *Malkyn the May-Lady*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Her richest lockram*, &c.] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap  
linen.

Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,  
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: ' seld-shown flamens  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
\* Commit the war of white and damask, in

linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says:

" His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with  
Coventry blue."

Again, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says:

" I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*,  
" That there be no strait dealings in their linnens."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

" Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,  
" I had no wit." STEEVENS.

\* —[*seld-shown flamens*] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

" O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."

The same adverb occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo*:

" Why is not this a strange and *seld-seen* thing?"

*Seld* is often used by antient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

\* Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their nicely gawdied cheeks, —]

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" The silent war of lilies and of roses,  
" Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

" Such war of white and red, &c."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1040:

" For with the rose colour *stros* hire hewe."

Again, in *Dametas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Amidst her cheek the rose and lily *strive*."

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

" —the lillies

" Contending with the roses in her cheek, STEEVENS.

*Cleaveland* introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

" —her cheeks,

" Where roses mix: no civill war

" Between her York and Lancaster." FARMER.

Their

Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end ; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not,  
The commoners for whom we stand, but they,  
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,  
With the least cause, these his new honours ; which  
That he will give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture<sup>1</sup> of humility ;  
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather

<sup>1</sup> *As if that whatsoever god,——*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *From where he should begin, and end ;——*] Perhaps it should be read :

*From where he should begin t'an end.——* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As he is proud to do't.*] I should rather think the author wrote *prone* : because the common reading is scarce sense or English. WARBURTON.

*Proud to do,* is the same as, *proud of doing*, very plain sense, and very common English. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The napless vesture*] The players read—the Naples,——

STEEVENS.

Than

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it,  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good will's <sup>4</sup>,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he  
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war, who have their provand <sup>5</sup>  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested

<sup>4</sup> *It shall be to him then, as our good wills,  
A sure destruction.*]

This should be written *will's* for *will is*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *—their provand*] So the old copy, and rightly, though  
all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances  
may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's  
*Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "*—the provaunte was cut off,  
and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke.*" Again: "*The  
horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and  
their horse, which was better than the provaunt.*" Again, in  
*Sir Walter Raleigh's Works*, 1751, Vol. II. p. 229. Again, in  
*Hakevil on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect.  
1: "*—At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so  
cold, that the provant wine, ordained for the army, being  
frozen, was divided with hatchets, &c.*" Again, in *Pasquil's  
Nigbtcap*, &c. 1623:

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,

"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provenda*,  
provender. STEEVENS.

At

At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire<sup>6</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Meſ.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts;  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And<sup>7</sup> carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

*[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

*The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions<sup>8</sup>.*

*1 Off.* Come come, they are almost here: How  
many stand for consulships?

<sup>6</sup> —the fire.] The folio reads—his fire—Perhaps we should read—as fire. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ———carry with us ears and eyes, &c.] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Enter two officers, &c.] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitoll." STEEVENS.

*2 Off.*

2 *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them ; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, <sup>9</sup> he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been <sup>1</sup> supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

<sup>9</sup> *he wou'd*] That is, *he would wave indifferently.* JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted*] *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

The old copy reads—who *having been*— STEEVENS.

*A Sennet.*

*A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

*1 Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ear; and, after,  
<sup>2</sup> Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclunable to honour and advance  
<sup>3</sup> The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.*

<sup>2</sup> *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The theme of our assembly.]* Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your assembly*. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italia Jure*]

to

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be blest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* 'That's off, that's off;  
I would you rather had been silent: Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly:  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people;  
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.  
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

*1 Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honour's pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not?

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not': But, your  
people,

to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house.

WARBURTON.

Had Shakspeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius was necessary; and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate house at one and the same instant? STEEVENS.

\* *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.  
JOHNSON.

† *You sooth not, therefore hurt not.*] The old copy reads:  
*You sooth'd not*—

I think rightly.—You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *huried*.

MALONE.

I love



I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the fun,

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*]

*Men.* Masters o' the people.

Your multiplying spawn<sup>6</sup> how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now  
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Comi-  
nius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
<sup>7</sup> When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin<sup>8</sup> he drove  
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in the scene<sup>9</sup>,

He

<sup>6</sup> ————how can he flatter,] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> When Tarquin made a head for Rome,——] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ————his Amazonian chin———] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> When he might act the woman in the scene,] It has been more than

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his mood  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
 And, in the brunt seventeen battles since,  
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland<sup>1</sup>. For this last,  
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home : He stopt the fliers ;  
 And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport : as waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem<sup>2</sup> : his sword, (death's  
 stamp<sup>3</sup>)  
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose<sup>4</sup> every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd

than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] Ben Jonson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman* : "—you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And fell below his stem.*—] We should read, according to the old copy :

—his stem.—

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil* :

"Orontes' bark—

"From *stem* to *stern* by waves was over-borne."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*His sword, death's stamp,*

*Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.*

*He was a thing of blood, whose every motion*

*Was tim'd with dying cries.*]

This passage should be pointed thus :

—His sword (death's stamp)

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*every motion*

*Was tim'd with dying cries.*—]

The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

The

' The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
With shunleſs deſtiny<sup>6</sup>; aidleſs came off,  
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck  
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:  
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit  
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,  
And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, 'till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood  
To eaſe his breſt with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

*1 Sen.* ' He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours

Which we deviſe him.

*Com.* Our ſpoils he kick'd at;

And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world: he covets leſs

\* Than miſery itſelf would give; rewards  
His deeds with doing them; <sup>9</sup> and is content  
To ſpend his time, to end it.

*Men.*

<sup>5</sup> *The mortal gate*——] The gate that was made the ſcene of death. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *With ſhunleſs deſtiny*:] The ſecond folio reads, whether by accident or choice:

With ſhunleſs *deſamy*.

*Deſamie* is an old French word ſignifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours*,] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will ſhew a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Than miſery itſelf would give*;——] *Miſery* for avarice; becauſe a *miſer* ſignifies an avaricious. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Com.* ——— and is content

*To ſpend his time to end it.*

*Men.* He's right noble;]

The laſt words of Cominius's ſpeech are altogether unintelligible. Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, wrote the paſſage thus:

——— and is content

*To ſpend his time*———

*Men.* He's right noble;  
Let him be call'd for.

*Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter Coriolanus.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
My life, and services.

*Men.* 'T then remains,

That

*Men.* To end it, he's right noble.

Cominius, in his last words, was entering upon a new topic in praise of Coriolanus; when his warm friend Menenius, impatient to come to the subject of the honours designed him, interrupts Cominius, and takes him short with,—*to end it*, i. e. to end this long discourse in one word, *he's right noble*.—*Let him be call'd for*. This is exactly in character, and restores the passage to sense. WARBURTON.

I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote thus:

—————*he rewards*

*His deeds with doing them, and is content*

*To spend his time, to spend it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

To spend the time——MALONE.

*It then remains,*

*That you do speak to the people.]*

Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if he makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion

That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please  
you

That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't:  
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and  
thus;—  
Shew them the unaking scars, which I should hide,  
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only:—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish cornets. Then Exeunt.*]

*Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive his intent! He will require  
them,

tion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market place  
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Forum.*

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* <sup>2</sup> Once, if he do require our voices, we  
ought not to deny him.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* <sup>3</sup> We have power in ourselves to do it, but  
it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he  
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to

<sup>2</sup> *Once,*] *Once* means the same as when we say, *once for all.* WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in the *Supposes* by Gafcoigne:

“ *Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me. FARMER.

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

*Once* this your long experience of her wisdom. See Vol. I. p. 207. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do.*] I am persuaded this was intended as a ridicule on the Augustine manner of defining *free-will* at that time in the schools. WARBURTON.

A ridicule may be intended, but the sense is clear enough. *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

*Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,*

*That gave thee power to do.* JOHNSON.

Shakspeare could not mean to ridicule a circumstance of which it was hardly possible for him to have the least knowledge. He spent his time better than in reading scholastic trash. See the *Revisal*, p. 416. STEEVENS.

put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the <sup>4</sup> many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn<sup>5</sup>, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly, I think, <sup>6</sup> if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, <sup>7</sup> the fourth would

<sup>4</sup> *many-headed multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *some auburn.*] The folio reads, *some Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, &c.*] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent; yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. This meaning the Oxford editor has totally discharged, by changing the text thus,——*issue out of our skulls*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.*]

would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks :—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter Coriolanus, and Menenius.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars ; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues ; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

*Men.* O sir, you are not right ; Have you not known

The worthiest men have done't ?

*Cor.* What must I say ?—

I pray, sir,——Plague upon't ! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace :——Look, sir ;——my wounds ;——

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.* O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that ; you must desire them To think upon you.

*[wife.]* A sly satirical insinuation how small a capacity of wit is necessary for that purpose. But every day's experience of the sex's prudent disposal of themselves, may be sufficient to inform us how unjust it is. WARBURTON.

*Cor.*



*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all;  
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

*Citizens approach.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.  
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you  
to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire\*.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,  
we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consul-  
ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
sir;

What say you?

*Both Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy  
voices begg'd:—

\* not mine own desire.] The old copy—but mine own desire. If  
but be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*with-*  
*out.* STEEVENS.

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true read-  
ing. REMARKS.

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.

*Cor.* Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

<sup>9</sup> *I will not seal your knowledge]* I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

*Beth.*

*Both.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this wolvisb gown should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,

\* —[*this wolvisb gown*] Signifies this *rough hirsute gown*.

JOHNSON.

I own I was surprized, on consulting the old copy, to find the passage printed thus:

“Why in this wolvisb *tongue*.”

Mr. Rowe received *gown* from the second folio, and has been followed (perhaps without necessity) by all the editors.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb skins. How comes it then to be called *wolvisb*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We may perhaps more distinctly read:

—[*with this wolvisb tongue*,

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Shakspeare, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless gown* of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in “*A Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*,” bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who “caste unto him a husbände mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*.” By a *wolvisb gown*, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress* of a *Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

[*Why in this wolvisb tongue*.] The old copy's reading *in* and not *with* shews that *tongue* was, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, an error of the prefs for *toge*. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we meet “the *tongued* consuls,” instead of *toged* consuls. MALONE.

Their

Their needlest youches? Custom calls me to't:—  
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't;  
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
 For truth to over-peer,—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do,

*Enter three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six<sup>2</sup>  
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have  
 Done many things, some less, some more: your  
 voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
 any honest man's voice.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods  
 give him joy, and make him good friend to the  
 people!

*All.* Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
 tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,

<sup>2</sup> Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the con-  
 sulate: perhaps we may better read:

—battles thrice six

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices  
 Done many things, &c. FARMER.*

*That,*

That, in the official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate,

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd;  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself  
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at his heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters? have you chose this  
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock  
us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,  
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
 shew in private,  
 And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
*I would be consul*, says he : <sup>3</sup> *aged custom*,  
*But by your voices, will not so permit me ;*  
*Your voices therefore :* When we granted that,  
 Here was, — *I thank you for your voices, — thank you, —*  
*Your most sweet voices : now you have left your voices,*  
*I have nothing further with you : — Was not this*  
 mockery ?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you <sup>4</sup> ignorant to see't ?  
 Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
 To yield your voices ?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him,  
 As you were lesson'd — When he had no power,  
 But was a petty servant to the state,  
 He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
 Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
 I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving <sup>5</sup>  
 A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves : You should have said,  
 That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices, and  
 Translate his malice towards you into love,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *aged custom ;* ] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government : for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *ignorant to see't. P.] Were you ignorant to see it ; is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> ——— *arriving*  
*A place of potency,]*

Thus the old copy, and rightly. So in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* act V. sc. iii :

“ ——— those powers that the queen  
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.”

STEEVENS.

Standing

Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or, else it would have gall'd his furlly nature,  
Which easily endures not article,  
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive  
He did solicit you in <sup>o</sup> free contempt,  
When he did need your loves; and do you think,  
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,  
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues?

<sup>3</sup> *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

<sup>2</sup> *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that found.

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to  
piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those  
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

<sup>o</sup> —free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Your su'd-for tongues?] Your tongues that have been hitherto solicited. STEEVENS.

*Sic.*

*Sic.* Let them assemble;  
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
 Your ignorant election: \* Enforce his pride,  
 And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you  
 The apprehension of his present portance<sup>9</sup>,  
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,  
 (No impediment between) but that you must  
 Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided  
 By your own true affections: and that, your minds  
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do  
 Than what you should, made you against the grain  
 To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to  
 you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,  
 How long continued: and what stock he springs of,  
 The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came  
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
 ' And Censorinus, darling of the people,

\* ——— Enforce his pride,] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — his present portance.] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello*:

“ And portance in my travels' history.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And Censorinus, darling of the people,] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

And



And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,

\* Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had don't,  
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so: almost all  
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.]

*Bru.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage.

<sup>2</sup> *And Censorinus—  
Was his great ancestor.]*

Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this, the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas—*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>3</sup> *Scaling his present bearing with his past:]* That is weighing his past and present behaviour. *JOHNSON.*

With their refusal, both <sup>4</sup> observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capital, come;  
We will be there before the stream o' the people;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Street.*

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus  
Lartius, and other Senators.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was, which  
caus'd

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volces stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did  
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town; he is retired to Antium.

<sup>4</sup> ————observe and answer

*The vantage of his anger.]*

Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty  
anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

*Cor.*

[To Lartius.

Or all will fall in broil.

**Cor.**

*Cor.* Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, <sup>6</sup> why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:—  
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?<sup>7</sup>

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Cor.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* <sup>8</sup> Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

<sup>6</sup> ————why rule you not their teeth?] The metaphor is  
from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ————since.] The old copy ————*fitbence*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ————Not unlike,

*Each way, to better yours.]*

i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the common-  
wealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the  
reply is pertinent:

*Why then should I be consul?*

Yet the restless humour of reformation in the Oxford editor dis-  
turbs the text to,

—————better you. WARBURTON.

*Sic.* You shew too much of that,  
For which the people stir: If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must enquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune..

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd:—Set on.—<sup>9</sup> This  
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid <sup>1</sup> falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them <sup>2</sup>

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

<sup>3</sup> The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which

<sup>9</sup> ——— *This palt'ring*

*Becomes not Rome; ——— ]*

That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling.

*And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,*

*That palter with us in a double sense.* Macbeth.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *laid falsely*] *Falsely for treacherously.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *let them*

*Regard me as I do not flatter, and*

*Therein behold themselves: ——— ]*

Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror  
which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The cockle of rebellion, ——— ]* *Cockle* is a weed which grows  
up with the corn. The thought is from sir Tho. North's trans-  
lation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover,  
he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed  
and

Which we ourselves have plough'd for; sow'd, and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no; nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels<sup>4</sup>,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people;  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well,  
We let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the<sup>5</sup> minnows? mark you  
His absolute *shall*?

*Com.* <sup>6</sup> 'Twas from the canon.

and *cockle* of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *meazels*.] *Mezell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Prodigal*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *minnowe*? ———] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some countries a *pink*. See Vol. II. p. 407. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

*Cor.*

*Cor. Shall!*

O gods!—but most unwise patricians, why  
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus  
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but  
 ' The horn and noise o' the monsters, want not spirit  
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
 And make your channel his? If he have power,  
 ' Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake  
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Let them have cushions by you. ' You are plebeians,

<sup>7</sup> *The horn and noise*—] Alluding to his having called him  
 Triton before. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Then vail your ignorance*:—] Ignorance for impotence;  
 because it makes impotent. The Oxford editor not understand-  
 ing this, transposes the whole sentence according to what in his  
 fancy is accuracy. WARBURTON.

Hammer's transposition deserves notice,

—*If they have power,  
 Let them have cushions by you; if none, awake  
 Your dang'rous lenity; if you are learned,  
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
 Then vail your ignorance. You are Plebeians, &c.*

I neither think the transposition of one editor right, nor the  
 interpretation of the other. The sense is plain enough without  
 supposing *ignorance* to have any remote or consequential sense.  
*If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or  
 bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*You are plebeians,  
 If they be senators; and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Must palates theirs.*—]

These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very  
 slight correction:

—*they no less [than senators]  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Must palate theirs.*

When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must  
*please* [or must try] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal,  
 when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the  
 lowest.* STEEVENS.

If they be senators: and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste  
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,  
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base: 'and my soul akes,  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

*Com.* Well,—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel<sup>2</sup>, to give forth

<sup>1</sup> ————*and my soul akes*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore sayed he, they that gave counsell, and perswaded that the corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in citties of Græce, where the people had more absolute power: dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrowe of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their seruice past, sithence they know well enough they haue so ofte refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue receved, and made good against the senate: but they will rather iudge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembred in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be vnited into one bodie."

STEVENS.

The



The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Græce, —

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* (Though there the people had more absolute  
power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know, the  
corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ser-  
vice

Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, \* could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bosom multiplied digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;—  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands;—* Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break open  
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles——

<sup>3</sup> *They would not thread the gates;—*] That is, *pass* them.  
We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *—could never be the native*] *Native* for natural birth.

WARBURTON.

*Native* is here not natural birth, but *natural parent, or cause  
of birth.* But I would read *motive*, which without any distortion  
of its meaning, suits the speaker's purpose. JOHNSON.

E c 4

*Men,*

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* 'No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom  
dom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: <sup>6</sup> purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech  
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
<sup>7</sup> That love the fundamental part of state,

More

<sup>5</sup> *No, take more:*

*What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—*]

The false pointing hath made this unintelligible. It should be read and pointed thus:

*No, take more;*

*What may be sworn by. Both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—*

i. e. No, I will still proceed, and the truth of what I shall say may be sworn to. And may both divine and human powers, [i. e. the gods of Rome and the senate] confirm and support my conclusion. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *—purpose so barr'd, it follows,*

*Nothing is done to purpose,——*]

This is so like Polonius's eloquence, and so much unlike the rest of Coriolanus's language, that I am apt to think it spurious.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *That love the fundamental part of state,*

*More than you doubt the change of't;——*]

i. e. Who are so wedded to accustomed forms in the administration, that in your care for the preservation of those, you overlook the danger the constitution incurs by strictly adhering to them. This the speaker, in vindication of his conduct, artfully represents to be his case; yet this pertinent observation, the Oxford editor, with one happy dash of his pen, in amending *doubt* to *do*, entirely abolishes. WARBURTON.

To

More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump a body<sup>a</sup> with a dangerous physick,  
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity<sup>b</sup> which should become it;  
 Not having power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth controul it.

*Brū.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—  
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
 On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,

To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as with the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> To jump a body—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:  
 To vamp—

To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To *jump a body* may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.

So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "If we looke for good successe in our case by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Mangles true judgment,—] Judgment for government.

WARBURTON.

*Judgment* is *judgment* in its common sense, or the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> —which should become it;] *Become*, for adorn.

WARBURTON.

*Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *best*.

JOHNSON.

When

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, <sup>2</sup> it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended,

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose  
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*All.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy  
bones

Out of thy garments <sup>3</sup>.

*Sic.* Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter Brutus, with a rabble of Citizens, with the  
Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles.

*All.* Down with him, down with him!

<sup>2</sup> ———it must be meet,] Hanmer reads:

—————it must be law.

And Dr. Warburton follows him, surely without necessity.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.]

So, in *K. John*:

“—————here's a stay,

“That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“Out of his rags!” STEVENS.

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*All.* Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes,  
To the people\*,—Coriolanus, patience:—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people;—Peace.

*All.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,  
speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties;  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*All.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*All.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Cor.* That is the way to lay the city flat;  
To bring the roof to the foundation;  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

\* *To the people.*—*Coriolanus, patience:*] I would read:  
*Speak to the people. Coriolanus, patience:—*  
*Speak, good Sicinius.* T. W. H. T.

*Sic.*

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him ;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*All.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædiles.* Peace, peace.

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are <sup>5</sup> very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*[Coriolanus draws his sword.]*

*Cor.* No ; I'll die here.  
There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, with-  
draw a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help, Marcius ! help,  
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

*All.* Down with him, down with him ! *[Exeunt.]*

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the  
people are beat in.]*

*Men.* Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away,  
All will be naught else.

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* Get you gone.

<sup>6</sup> *Cor.* Stand fast ;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

<sup>5</sup> ————very poisonous,] I read :

————are very poisons. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> <sup>6</sup> *Com.* Stand fast, &c.] This speech certainly should be given  
to Coriolanus ; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So,  
Cominius presently after :

*Come, sir, along with us.* WARBURTON.

*Men,*

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*1 Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a fore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, fir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are  
Though in Rome litter'd :) not Romans, (as they are  
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capital.)

*Men.* Be gone<sup>7</sup>.

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another<sup>8</sup>.

*Cor.* On fair ground,  
I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two  
tribunes.

*Com.* But now tis odds beyond arithmetick;  
And mahhood is called foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,

<sup>7</sup> *Men.] I would they were barbarians (as they are  
Though in Rome litter'd :) not Romans (as they are not,  
Tho' calv'd i' the porch o' the capitol.)—Be gone, &c.*

The beginning of this speech, I am persuaded, should be  
given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Mene-  
nius:

————— *Be gone.*

*Put not your worthy rage, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *One time will owe another.] I know not whether to owe in  
this place means to possess by right, or to be indebted. Either  
sense may be admitted. One time, in which the people are sedi-  
tious, will give us power in some other time: or, th's time of the  
people's predominance will run them in debt: that is, will lay  
them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more ter-  
rile subjection.* JOHNSON.

Before the tag return<sup>9</sup>? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are us'd to bear.

*Mon.* Pray you, be gone :  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, and Cominius.*]

*1 Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world ;  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent :  
And, being angry, doth forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work !

*2 Sen.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tiber!—What, the  
vengeance,  
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Enter Brutus, and Sicinius, with the rabble again,*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That will depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of publick power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

<sup>9</sup> *Before the tag return, —*] The lowest and most despicable  
of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them,  
*Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

*1 Cit.*



*i Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*All.* He shall sure out.

*Men.* Sir, sir,——

*Sic.* Peace.

*Men.* ' Do not cry, havock, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes it, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak :—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults :—

*Sic.* Consul!—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul!

*All.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,

\* *Do not cry havock,——*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

*Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt*

*With modest warrant.*]

*To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *basoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John*:

“———*Cry havock, kings.*”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“*Cry havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in the *Ordonances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

“Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la test coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordonances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

“Item, que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu, & le teste avoir coupe.” MS. Cotton. Nero D. VI.

TYRWHITT.

I may

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm;  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory, to dispatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence;  
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here;  
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid;  
That our renowned Rome; whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost;  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:  
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it;  
A brand to the end o' the world:

*Sic.* <sup>2</sup> This is clean kam.

*Brü.*

<sup>2</sup> *This is clean kam.*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg.

WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur*

*Bru.* Merely awry<sup>1</sup>: when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

<sup>4</sup> *Men.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was?

*Bru.* We'll hear no more:—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come—

*Men.* Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him

“*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*”

“The wavering commons in *hym kam* sects are haled.”

STEEVENS.

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim*,  
*kam*, occur several times. Amongst others, take the following  
instance: “All goes topsie turvy; all *kim*, *kam*; all is tricks  
“and devices: all riddles and unknown mysteries.” P. 100.

EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup> *Merely awry*:] i. e. absolutely. See Vol. I. p. 7.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Men.* The service of the foot, &c.]

Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said  
by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tri-  
bunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.

I have restor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point  
at the conclusion of the speech. STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

F f

Where

Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

*1 Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning\*.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:—  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Brn.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend  
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He  
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

*1 Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Coriolanus's House.*

*Enter Coriolanus, with Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears; present  
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

\* ———the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.]

So, in the *Tempest*, act II. sc. i:

"The latter end of his commonwealth forgets its begin-  
ning." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Volumnia.*

*Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* 'I muse, my mother  
Does not approve me further; who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created  
To buy or sell with groats; to shew bare heads  
In congregations; to yawn; be still; and wonder;  
When one but of my<sup>d</sup> ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace; or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;  
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, fir, fir, fir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions<sup>7</sup>, if  
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd.  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter Menenius, with the Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;  
You must return, and mend it.

<sup>5</sup> *I muse,——*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* See Vol. I. p. 85. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *——my ordinance——*] My rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The thwartings of your dispositions,——*] The folio reads:

*The things of your dispositions,——*

Mr. Rowe made the alteration, which I have followed, as my predecessors had done, though without distinguishing it to the reader. STEVENS.

*Sen.* There's no remedy ;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray, be counsel'd :  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman :  
\* Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then ? what then ?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;  
Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.* You are too absolute ;  
Though therein you can never be too noble.  
But when extremities speak <sup>9</sup>, I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,  
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,

\* *Before he should thus stoop to the heart*——]. This nonsense  
should be reformed thus :

*Before he should thus stoop to the herd.*

i. e. the people. *WARBURTON.*

*Dr. Warburton's conjecture is confirmed by two former passages, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people :*

“ You shames of Rome ! you *berd* of——”

(so the first folio reads.) Again :

“ ——Are these your *berd* ?

“ Must these have voices &c.”

*Herd* was anciently spelt *beard*. Hence *beard* crept into the old copy. *MALONE.*

\* *But when extremities speak. I have heard, &c.]* Should not this passage be pointed thus ?

——You can never be too noble.

*But when extremities speak, I have heard, &c. MALONE.*  
That

That they combine not there ?

*Cor.* Tush, tush !

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war ; since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.* ' Why force you this ?

*Vol.* Because,

That now it lies you on to speak to the people :  
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter  
Which your heart prompts you to ; but with such  
words

That are but roted in your tongue, but <sup>2</sup> bastards,  
and syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,  
I should do so in honour : ' I am in this

Your

' *Why force you*———] *Why urge you.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————*bastards, and syllables*

*Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.*]

I read :

*Of no alliance,*———

therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as  
meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority.*

JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*Though* but bastards, &c.

*Allowance* is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, act II. sc. i :

" ————his pilot

" Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ————*I am in this*

*Your wife, your son : the senators, the nobles.*——

*And you, &c.]*

F f 3

The

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather shew <sup>4</sup> our general lows  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what <sup>5</sup> that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,  
<sup>6</sup> Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pry'thee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)  
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears) <sup>7</sup> waving thy head,

With

The pointing of the printed copies makes stark nonsense of this passage. Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. *WARBURTON.*

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>4</sup> —our general lows.] Our common clowns. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>5</sup> —that want—] The want of their loves. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> Not what—] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only.* *JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> —waving thy head,

*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,]*

But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often thus, &c.*? These questions are sufficient to shew that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

—waving thy hand,

*Which often thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action suited the occasion: Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action shew the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper.

*WARBURTON.*

The



With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry<sup>9</sup>,  
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,  
Thou art their soldier,<sup>9</sup> and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the authour's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—waving thy head,

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.

That is, *speaking thy head*, and *striking thy breast*. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"And thrice his head waving thus, up and down."

STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

—waving thy head,

(Which *bumble* thus;) correcting thy stout heart,

Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHITT.

\* —*bumble as the ripest mulberry*,] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his *OPYTEE* & *EK-TOPOE ATTPA*, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries*.

"Ανρ δ' ἰσχυρὸν ἦν μεμαίετο μύρον. MUSGRAVE.

9 —and being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way——]

So, in *Oisello* (folio 1623):

"——Rude am I in my speech,

"And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;

"And little of this great world can I speak,

"More than pertains to seats of *broils* and battles."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——'Tis a worthy deed,

"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

"To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

F f 4

As

As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,  
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st  
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,  
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go shew them 'my unbarb'd sconce?  
Must I,

With

—my unbarb'd sconce?—} The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

*Unbarbed*, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

*Unbarbed sconce* is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promas and Cassandra*, 1578:

“*Grim.* —you are so clean a young man.

“*Ros.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

“*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

“*Ros.* I know him not, is he a deaf barber?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII:

“The lab'ring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds.”

Again,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
Yet were there but this<sup>a</sup> single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-  
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I prythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me.  
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
<sup>3</sup> Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
<sup>4</sup> Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,

Again, in the *Malcontent*, by Marston:

"The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field."  
*Unbarbed* may, however, bear the signification which the late  
Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an inter-  
lude by Skelton, *Fancy* speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:

"*Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne."

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on the *Pseudo Rowley*)  
"would that appearance have been particular at Rome in the  
time of Coriolanus?" Every one but the Dean understands that  
Shakspeare gives to all nations the customs of his own.

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ———— *single plot* ———— ] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a  
piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, car-  
case. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Which quired with my drum*, ———— ] Which played in concert  
with my drum. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Tent in my cheeks*; ———— ] To tent is to take up residence.

JOHNSON.

Who

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;  
Lest I surcease<sup>5</sup> to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice then :

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ;<sup>6</sup> let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;  
But owe<sup>7</sup> thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content ;

Mother, I am going to the market-place ;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*Vol.* Do your will.

[*Exit Valunius.*]

*Com.* Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm  
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

<sup>5</sup> ——— to honour mine own truth,]

Πάντων δὲ μάλης αἰσχυρῶς αὐτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness : ———]

This is obscure. Perhaps, the means, Go, do thy worst ; let me  
rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us,  
than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> owe] i. e. own. EDITOR.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then ; mildly.—[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*The Forum.*

*Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,  
Inforce him with his envy to the people ;  
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,  
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have ; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither  
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*  
*I the right and strength o' the commons,* be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power<sup>\*</sup> i' the truth o' the cause.

\* ———? *the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read :

———o'er *the truth o' the cause.* JOHNSON.

*Æd.*

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry.  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Inforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to giv't them.

*Bru.* Go about it. — [Exit *Ædile*.

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth<sup>9</sup>  
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance<sup>1</sup> ; then he speaks  
What's in his heart ; and that is there,<sup>2</sup> which looks  
With us to break his neck. —

<sup>9</sup> —and to have his worth

Of contradiction : ——— ]

The modern editors substituted *word* ; but the old copy reads not *word*, but *worth*, which, I apprehend, is right.—He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction ; his full quota or proportion.

The phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.”

MALONE,

<sup>1</sup> *Be rein'd again to temperance ;*] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Colleanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “ holding in hyr haund a *bitt of an horse*.” TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> ——— which looks

*With us to break his neck.*]

A familiar phrase of that time, signifying, *works with us*. But the Oxford editor, understanding the sense better than the expression, gives us here Shakspeare's meaning in his own words.

WARBURTON.

To look is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What be has in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck*.

JOHNSON,

*Enter*

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume<sup>3</sup>.—The honour'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supply'd with worthy men ! <sup>4</sup> plant love among us !  
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war !

*1 Sen.* Amen, amen !

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* Lift to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I  
say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho.

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?  
Must all determine here ?

*Sic.* I do demand,  
If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content

<sup>3</sup> *Will bear the knave by the volume.] i. e. would bear being  
called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> *\_\_\_\_\_ plant love among us !*

*Through our large temples with the shews of peace,  
And not our streets with war !]*

We should read, :

*Throng our large temples\_\_\_\_\_*

The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

I rather think that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as  
in many other places, and that the poet wrote—" *Strew* our  
large temples, &c." By "the *shews* of peace" I believe were  
meant the leaves of the olive ; with which the temples might be  
*strewed*, but hardly could be *thronged*. MALONE.

To

To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :  
The warlike service he has done, consider ; think  
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter  
only.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier : Do not take  
His rougher accents <sup>5</sup> for malicious sounds ;  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than <sup>6</sup> envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being past for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again ?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
From Rome all <sup>7</sup> season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ! Traitor ?

*Men.* Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !  
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

<sup>5</sup> *His rougher accent*] The old copy reads—*actions*. Theobald made the change. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Rather than envy you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for malignity or ill intention. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—season'd office,*] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

Thy



Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*All.* To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace.

We need not say new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, curling yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal; and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extreamest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,——

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you——

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, fleeing: Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envy'd against the people<sup>8</sup>, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; <sup>9</sup> as now at last

<sup>8</sup> *Envy'd against the people.*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— as now at last,] Read rather:

—————has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Given

Given hostile strokes, and that ' not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,  
And in the name of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away :  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends;—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak :—

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,  
\* My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins : then if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift : Speak what ?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people, and his country :  
It shall be so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* <sup>3</sup> You common cry of curs ! whose breath I  
hate

As

\* ——— not in the presence] *Not* stands again for *not only*.

JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8.

“He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My dear wife's estimate*, ———] I love my country beyond  
the rate at which I *value my dear wife*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *You common cry of curs !*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*.  
So, in a subsequent scene in this play :

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair ! \* Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders : 'till, at length,  
 Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels ;  
 Making but reservation of yourselves,  
 Still your own foes) deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives<sup>5</sup>, to some nation  
 That won you without blows ! Despising,  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The  
 people shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

" ——— You have made good work,

" You and your cry."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher,  
 1634 :

" I could have kept a hawk, and well have hallo'd

" To a deep cry of dogs." MALONE.

\* ——— Have the power still

To banish your defenders ; 'till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, 'till it feels, &c.)

*Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscern-  
 ing folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city  
 but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the spe-  
 culative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed  
 from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can  
 feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have  
 the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend.  
 Such was the power of our authour's mind, that he looked through  
 life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Abated captives.] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in  
 spirit. So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline :

" To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud." i. e.

*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.* See Vol. IV. p. 43.

STEEVENS.

*All.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!  
hoo!

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*All.* Come, come, let us see him out at gates;  
come:—  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Gates of Rome.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—  
the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating: ° fortune's blows,  
When

\* ———fortune's blows,  
*When most struck home, being gently wounded, craves  
A noble cunning.]*

This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gently wounded*, silently substituted *gently wounded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go to explain their meaning.

The

When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,——

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu.—Farewel, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his den  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son  
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught:  
With<sup>s</sup> cautelous baits and practice.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

*They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.* JOHNSON.

'Tis fond——] i. e. 'tis foolish. See Vol. II. p. 53.

STEEVENS.

—cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

*Vol.* ' My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: Determine on some course,  
' More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth,  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
' My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

' *My first son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.  
WARBURTON.

The authour of the *Revisal* would read:

*My fierce son.* STEEVENS.

' *More than a wild exposure to each chance*  
*That starts i' the way before thee.*]

I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other au-  
thour. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *My friends of noble touch:—*] i. e. of true metal un-  
allay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Street.*

*Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shewn our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. *[Exit Ædile.]*

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us:  
Keep on your way.

*Val.* O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'  
the gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace; be not so loud.

*Val.* If that I could for weeping, you should  
hear;—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

*[To Brutus.]*

*Vir.* *[To Sicin.]* You shall stay too: I would, I had  
the power

To say so to my husband.

G g 3

*Sic.*

<sup>3</sup> *Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? <sup>4</sup> Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wife words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet  
go;—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too;—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Virg.* What, then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continu'd to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

<sup>3</sup> *Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father?—]

The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out:

—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*:

“O mankind generation!”

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso*:

“See, see this *mankind* trumpet; see, she cry'd,

“This shameless whore.” See Vol. IV. p. 344.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Hadst thou foxship,] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

*Bru.*



*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,  
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup  
with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

G 5 4

SCENE

## S C E N E III,

*Between Rome and Antium.**Enter a Roman, and a Volce.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me ;  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you  
are, against 'em ; Know you me yet ?

*Vol.* Nicanor ? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I last saw you ;  
\* but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.  
What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the  
Volcian state, to find you out there : You have well  
sayed me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-  
tion : the people against the senators, patricians,  
and nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state

\* — *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.* ] This is  
strange nonsense. We should read :

— *is well appeal'd,*

i. e. brought into remembrance, **WARBURTON,**  
I should read :

— *is well appear'd.*

That is, *strengthened, attested,* a word used by our authour.

" *My title is appear'd.*" *Macbeth.*

To *repeal* may be to *bring to remembrance*, but *appeal* has another  
meaning. **JOHNSON.**

I would read :

*Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue,*

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i :

" That if again this apparition come,

" He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it."

**STEEVENS.**

thinks

thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banish'd?

*Rom.* Banish'd, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, ' already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

<sup>5</sup> —*already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

*Vol*

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*Antium.*

*Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium: City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir<sup>6</sup>  
Of these fair edifices for my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

<sup>6</sup> *many an heir, &c.*] *Heir* is, probably, here used in its obvious and ordinary sense, for *presumptive successor*; the younger part of the inhabitants of Antium being most likely to have been engaged in battle. However, the words *many an heir* may signify the *actual owners, or possessors*; for *to inherit*, and *to possess*, are used by our author as synonymous terms. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—such delight,

“Among fresh female buds, shall you this night

“*Inherit* at my house.”

Again in *Titus Andronicus*:

“To bury so much gold under a tree,

“And never after to *inherit* it.” MALONE.

*Cor.*

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, <sup>8</sup> who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissention of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. <sup>9</sup> So with me:—

My

O, world, thy slippery turns! &c.] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> —who twin, as 'twere, in love,  
Unseparable, ———]

The second folio reads—*twine*, which might have been the author's word: at least he has the same thought more than once elsewhere.—So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“—————how they *clung*.

“ In their embracements, as they *grew* together.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*: “ I grow to you, and our parting, &c.”

However, in *Othello* we have

“ ———he that is approv'd in this offence,

“ Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth,

“ Should lose me.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —So with me: ———

My country have I and my lovers left;

This enemy's town I'll enter; if he *slay* me, &c.]

He who reads this would think that he was reading the lines of Shakespeare: except that Coriolanus, being already in the town, says, he *will* enter it. Yet the old edition exhibits it thus:

———So

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
 This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,  
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
 I'll do his country service. [Exit,

## S C E N E V.

*A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  
 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit,

*Enter another Serving-man.*

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotsus? my master calls for him.  
 Cotsus! [Exit,

*Enter Coriolanus.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I  
 Appear not like a guest.

—So with me:—

*My birth-place have I, and my loves upon*

*This enemy town: I'll enter if he slay me, &c.*

The intermediate line seems to be lost, in which, conformably to his former observations, he says, that *he has lost his birth-place, and his loves upon a petty dispute*, and is trying his chance in *this enemy town*: he then cries, turning to the house of Aufidius, *I'll enter if he slay me.*

I have preserved the common reading, because it is, though faulty, yet intelligible, and the original passage, for want of copies, cannot be restored. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the alteration of a single letter may recover sufficient sense. I read:

*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon*

*This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,*

*He does, &c.*

This alteration, on account of its slightness, may be admitted in preference to the former one made by Mr. Rowe. STEVENS.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter the first Serving-man.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door. [Exit.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

*Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some

<sup>1</sup> That he gives entrance to such companions? ] Companion was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word fellow.  
MALONE.

other

other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go,  
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

*3. Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*2. Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

*3. Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*3. Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

*3. Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*3. Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve, not thy master.

*3. Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,  
hence! [*Beats him away.*]

*Enter Aufidius, with the second Serving-man.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2. Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?  
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus<sup>a</sup>,

Not

<sup>a</sup> *If, Tullus, &c.*] These speeches are taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perchappes beleene me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitye bewraye my self to be that I am. I am Caius Martias, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname



Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volces' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou  
me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,

surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynesfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname, a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou should'st beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my person betweene thy enemies. Wherefore if thou hast any hate to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valliantly, who knowe the force of their enemy, then such as haue neuer proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more: then am I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee. *STEVENS.*

Great

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
 My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,  
 The extream dangers, and the drops of blood  
 Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
 But with that surname; <sup>3</sup> a good memory,  
 And witness of the malice and displeasure  
 Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name re-  
 mains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,  
 Mistake me not, to save my life: for if  
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
 I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,  
 To be full quit of those my banishers,  
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast  
<sup>4</sup> A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge  
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those <sup>5</sup> maims  
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee  
 straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,  
 That my revengeful services may prove

<sup>3</sup> ———— a good memory,] The Oxford editor, not knowing  
 that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *me-*  
*morial*. JOHNSON.

See note on *As You Like it*, act. II. sc. iii. Vol. III. p. 309.

EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> A heart of wreak in thee, ————] A heart of resentment.

JOHNSON.

*Wreak* is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andro-*  
*nicus*:

“ Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:

“ She saith that hir selfe she sholde

“ Do *wreche* with hir owne honde.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———— maims

Of *shame*. ————]

That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am  
 Longer to live most weary, and present  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:  
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius,  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,  
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,  
 All noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scar'd the moon with splinters<sup>6</sup>! Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd; <sup>7</sup> never man

<sup>6</sup> *And scar'd the moon,*] Folio—*scarr'd*. Perhaps rightly, to distinguish it from *scared* or frightened:—yet it should not be concealed that in *King Richard III.* we meet:

“Amaze the welkin with your broken slaves.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *never man*

Sigh'd truer breath.]

The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*,  
 1593:

“Ill *figh* celestial breath, whose gentle wind

“Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher,  
 1634:

“Lover never yet made *figh*

“Truer than I.” MALONE.

VOL. VII.

H h

Sigh'd

Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,  
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't ; Thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fighting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-  
 cius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, Gods !

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt  
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 The one half of my commission ; and set down—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
 ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : Most  
 welcome !

[*Exeunt.*  
*1 Serv.*]

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking, as it were—'World I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Enter a third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

*Both.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

*Both.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general ?

H h 2

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, <sup>8</sup> he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him: <sup>9</sup> sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. <sup>1</sup> He will

\* ————*he might have broil'd and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd*. The change was made by Mr. Pope, or some subsequent editor. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *He will*———*sowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears:*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Souiller, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals*. So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

“Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this.”

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus*. STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. “A lieutenant *sowed* him well by the ears, and

will go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave<sup>2</sup> his passage poll'd.

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

<sup>3</sup> *Serv.* Do't? he will do't; For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, fir, (as it were) durst not (look you, fir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

<sup>3</sup> *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

<sup>3</sup> *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis,

and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the catter *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called to ground a bowl. TYRWHITT.

To fowle is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

<sup>2</sup> —his passage poll'd.] That is, bared, cleared. JOHNSON.

To poll a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Dametas' Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Like Nifus golden hair that Scilla pol'd."

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be polled." STEEVENS.

The folio reads—poul'd. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —whilst he's in directitude.] I suspect the authour wrote:  
—whilst he's in *discretitude*.

A made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. MALONE.

as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing<sup>4</sup>, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and<sup>5</sup> full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd<sup>6</sup>, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; <sup>7</sup> because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volces.—They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *This peace is nothing, but to rust, &c.]* I believe a word or two have been lost:

*This peace is good for nothing but, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Full of vent.]* Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—mull'd,—]* i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

<sup>7</sup> *Because they then less need one another:]* Shakspeare, when he chooses to give us some weighty observation upon human nature, not much to the credit of it, generally (as the intelligent reader may observe) puts it into the mouth of some low buffoon character. WARBURTON.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VI.

*A publick Place in Rome.**Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;  
 \* His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
 And quietness o' the people, which before  
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
 Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
 About their functions friendly.

*Enter Menenius.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
 Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,

\* *His remedies are tame i' the present peace,*] The old reading is,  
*His remedies are tame, the present peace.*

I do not underitand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:

————— *neither need we fear him;*

*His remedies are ta'en, the present peace*

*And quietness o' the people, —————*

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.*

JOHNSON.

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

*His remedies are tame,*

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon. STEEVENS.

H h 4

But

But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;  
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much  
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his  
wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*All.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-e'en, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

*1 Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our  
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co-  
riolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

*All.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying, Confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And? affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

9 ——— affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.]

That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.  
*Sic.*

*Sic.* We had by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter Ædile,*

*Ædile.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd—It cannot be,  
The Volces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But 'reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this;  
Lest you should chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

\* ————reason with the fellow] That is, have some talk  
with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. See  
Vol. I. p. 162. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles, in great earnestness, are going  
All to the senate-house: <sup>2</sup> some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his railing!  
Nothing but his report!

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing,

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely:  
He and Aufidius <sup>3</sup> can no more atone,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate;  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,

<sup>2</sup> ————some news is come,

That turns their countenances.]

i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. This allusion to the acerbity of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

“Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“It turns in less than two nights?”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ————can no more atone.] To *atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our authour. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *quite*. JOHNSON.

*Ass.*

Affiliated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already  
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work !

*Men.* What news ? What news ?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

*Men.* What's the news ? what's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an augur's bore,

*Men.* Pray now, the news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your  
news ?

If Marcius should be joined with the Volces,—

*Com.* If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better : and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation \*, and  
The breath of garlick-eaters !

*Com.*

\* Upon the voice of occupation.] Occupation is here used for  
mechanicks, men occupied in daily business. So, Horace uses *artes*  
for artifices :

“ Urit enim fulgore suo qui pręgravat artes

“ Infra se positas.” MALONE.

‡ The breath of garlick-eaters !] To smell of garlick was once  
such

*Com.* He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit<sup>6</sup>.

You have made fair work!

*Bru.* But is this true; sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale

Before you find it other. All the regions

Do smilingly revolt<sup>7</sup>; and, who resist,

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf

Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they

Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even

Such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara.

JOHNSON.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

“*quis tecum scitile porrum*

“*Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?*”

And from the following passage in Decker's, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that garlick was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion.

“Fortune favours nobody but garlick, nor garlick neither now; yet she has strong reason to love it: for though garlick made her smell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse but for garlick.”

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As Hercules, &c.*] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Do smilingly revolt*; ———] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To *revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

As

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein shew'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,  
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but  
like beasts,  
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But, I fear,  
\* They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer:—Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

\* *They'll roar him in again.*—] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

*Omnes.*

*Omnes.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

*1 Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

*2 Cit.* And so did I.

*3 Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best;  
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,  
yet it was against our will.

*Com.* You are goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* You have made you  
Good work, you and your cry<sup>9</sup>!—Shall us to the Ca-  
pitol?

*Com.* O, ay; what else; [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;  
These are a fide, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And shew no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when  
we banish'd him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my  
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

<sup>9</sup> *You and your cry!*] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in  
*Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry*  
of players. See p. 448. STEEVENS.

S C E N E



## S C E N E VII.

*A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now ; Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudly Even to my person, than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him : Yet his nature In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir, (I mean, for your particular) you had not Join'd in commission with him ; but either borne The action of yourself, or else to him Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well ; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Although it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state ; Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome ?

*Auf.*

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his:  
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:  
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome  
 'As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honours even: 'whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

'As is the osprey——] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *osifraga*.  
 POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
 "Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,  
 "But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,  
 "Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,  
 "They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

LANGTON.

So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,  
 "That as she flieth over fish in pools,  
 "The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,  
 "And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish, hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

'whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether——]

*Aufidius* assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of *Coriolanus*; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd: But ' he has a merit,  
To choak it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
\* And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
' Right's by right fouler; strengths by strength do fail.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *he has a merit*

*To choak it in the utterance.———]*

He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And power, unto itself most commendable,*

*Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*

*To extol what it hath done.]*

This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

——— *unto itself most commendable,*

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *Right's by right fouler,———]*

i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

*Fouled*, however, is certainly an English word, and is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441:

"Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight."

There is likewise the following proverb—*York doth foul Sutton*—

i. e. exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor.

STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

II

Come,

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor't of all; then shortly thou art mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A public Place in Rome.*

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus, with others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father;  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:  
A pair of tribunes, <sup>6</sup> that have rack'd for Rome,

To

<sup>6</sup> ———— *that have rack'd for Rome,*] To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

“The

To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon  
When least it was expected : He reply'd,

\* It was a bare petition of a state,  
To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well :  
Could he say less ?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For his private friends : His answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
And still to noise the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two ?  
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, and child,  
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :  
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt  
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid  
In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No ; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do ?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome ; towards Marcius.

" The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's bags

" Are lank and lean with thy extortions."

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good  
stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned  
over their heads, to save the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

\* —memory for memorial. See p. 464. STEEVENS.

\* It was a bare petition, — ] A bare petition, I believe,  
means only a mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence  
of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. See  
Vol. I. p. 195. STEEVENS.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
\* He was not taken well; he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch  
him

\*Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. [Exit.

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* \* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye

Red

\* *He was not taken well; he had not din'd, &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See Epist. I. ver. 127:

“ Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.”

STEVENS.

\* *I tell you, he does sit in gold;—*] He is intron'd in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χρυσέθρονος. \* *Her.*—HOM. JOHNSON.

See

Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury  
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him  
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me  
 Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,  
 He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
 'Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:  
 'So that all hope is vain;

Unless

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*, "—he was set in his  
 chaire of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majestie."  
 Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry VIII.* act I.  
 sc. i:

"All clinguant, all in gold, like beaten gods." STEEVENS.

'Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:] This is appar-  
 ently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him,  
 read:

*Bound with an oath not to yield to new conditions.*

They might have read more smoothly:

—————*to yield no new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something  
 left out. I should read:

—————*What he would do,*

*He sent in writing after; what he would not,*

*Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.*

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be  
 this: *To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be ob-*  
*tained, so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way  
 to the conditions, into which the ingratitude of his country had  
 forced him. FARMER.

'So that all hope is vain;

*Unless his noble mother, and his wife,*

*Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country*—————]

*Unless his mother and wife—do what?* The sentence is imperfect.  
 We should read:

*Force mercy to his country.*—————

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be ren-  
 dered unnecessary by printing the passage thus:

—————*mean to solicit him*

*For mercy to his country*—————*Therefore, &c.*

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the re-  
 maining hope crosses the imagination of Menenius, he might  
 suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the suc-  
 cess of a last expedient.

Unless his noble mother, and his wife,  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The Volcian camp.*

*Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.*

*1 Watch.* Stay : Whence are you ?

*2 Watch.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by  
 your leave,  
 I am an officer of state, and come  
 To speak with Coriolanus.

*1 Watch.* From whence ?

*Men.* From Rome.

*1 Watch.* You may not pass, you must return ;  
 our general  
 Will no more hear from thence.

*2 Watch.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with  
 fire, before  
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
 If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
 And of his friends there, it is 's lots to blanks,  
 My name hath touch'd your ears : it is, Menenius.

*1 Watch.* Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your  
 name

It has been proposed to me to read :

*So that all hope is vain,*

*Unless in his noble mother and his wife, &c.*

*In his,* abbreviated *in's*, might have been easily mistaken by such  
 inaccurate printers. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *lots to blanks,*] A *lot* here is a prize. JOHNSON.

*Lot*, in French, signifies prize. *Le gros lot.* The capital  
 prize. S. W.

Is



Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover : I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, hapily, amplified ;  
\* For I have ever verifys'd my friends,

(Of

\* *For I have ever verified my friends,  
—— with all the size that verity, &c.]*

Shakspeare's mighty talent in painting the manners is especially remarkable in this place. Menenius here, and Polonius in *Hamlet*, have much of the same natural character. The difference is only accidental. The one was a senator in a free state ; and the other a courtier and minister to a king ; which two circumstances afforded matter for that inimitable ridicule thrown over the character of Polonius. For the rest, there is an equal complaisance for those they follow ; the same disposition to be a creature ; the same love of prate ; the same affectation of wisdom, and forwardness to be in business. But we must never believe Shakspeare could make either of them say, *I have verified my friends with all the size of verity* ; nay, what is more extraordinary, *verified them beyond verity*. Without doubt he wrote :

*For I have ever narrified my friends :*

i. e. made their encomium. This too agrees with the foregoing metaphors of *book*, *read*, and constitutes an uniformity amongst them. From whence the Oxford editor took occasion to read *magnified* : which makes the absurdity much worse than he found it : for, to *magnify* signifies to *exceed* the truth ; so that this critic makes him say, he *magnified* his friend *within* the size of verity : i. e. he exceeded truth, even while he kept within it.

WARBURTON.

If the commentator had given any example of the word *narrify*, the correction would have been not only received, but applauded. Now, since the new word stands without authority, we must try what sense the old one will afford. To *verify*, is to *establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer*.

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth, JOHNSON.

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground<sup>5</sup>,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

<sup>1</sup> *Watch.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies  
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,  
you should not pass here: no, though it were as vir-  
tuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is  
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your  
general.

<sup>2</sup> *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as  
you say, you have) I am one that, telling true under  
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go  
back.

*Men.* Has he din'd; can'st thou tell? for I would  
not speak with him 'till after dinner.

<sup>1</sup> *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

<sup>1</sup> *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does.  
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates  
the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular  
ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished*; but Dr. Johnson's ex-  
planation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. Thus in an an-  
cient metrical pedigree in possession of the late dukes of North-  
umberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in the *Reliques of ancient  
English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 279. 3d edit.

"In hys scheld did schyne a mone *verysing* her light."

STEEVENS:

<sup>5</sup> ——— upon a subtle ground,] *Subile* means *smooth, level*. So,  
Jonson, in one of his masques:

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in  
all Tartarus."

*Subile*, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowl-  
ing-greens are. STEEVENS.

front

front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, ' the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the

\* *the virginal palms of your daughters,*] By *virginal palms* may be indeed understood the holding up the hands in supplication. Therefore I have altered nothing. But as this sense is cold, and gives use even a ridiculous idea; and as the *passions* of the several intercessors seem intended to be here represented, I suspect Shakspeare might write *pasmes* or *pames*, i. e. swooning fits, from the French *pasmer* or *pâmer*. I have frequently used the liberty to give sense to an unmeaning passage, by the introduction of a French word of the same sound, which I suppose to be of Shakspeare's own coining. And I am certainly to be justified in so doing, by the great number of such sorts of words to be found in the common text. But for a further justification of this liberty, take the following instance; where all must agree, that the common reading is corrupt by the editors inserting an English word they understood, instead of one coined by Shakspeare out of the French, which they understood not. It is in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, where he is speaking of the office and empire of Time, and the effects it produces in the world;

*Time's glory is———*

*To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,*

*To feed oblivion with decay of things;*

*To blot old books and alter their contents;*

*To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;*

*To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs.*

The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiments here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, not the *repairs* of time. The poet certainly wrote:

*To dry the old oak's sap, and tarish springs.*

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarin* or *tarissement*, *expresfacere*, *exsiccatio*: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

I have inserted this note, because it contains an apology for many others. It is not denied that many French words were mingled in the time of Elizabeth with our language, which have since been ejected, and that any which are known to have been then in use may be properly recalled when they will help the sense. But when a word is to be admitted, the first question should be, by whom was it ever received? In what book can it be shewn? If it cannot be proved to have been in use, the reasons which can justify its reception must be stronger than any critic's will often have to bring. Even in this certain emendation, the new word is very liable to contest. I should read:

*——— and perish springs.*

The word *perish* is commonly neutral, but in conversation is often

the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant<sup>7</sup> as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the in-

ten used actively, and why not in the works of a writer negligent beyond all others of grammatical niceties? JOHNSON.

After all, I believe the former reading of the passage in *Tarquin and Lucrece* to be the true one. Shakspeare's meaning is, that *Time* was variously employed, both in destroying old things, and in raising up young ones. The next stanza sufficiently proves it:

"To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,

"To make the child a man, the man a child;

"To chear the ploughman with encreaseful crops,

"And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;"

i. e. to dry up the old oak's sap, and consequently to destroy it; and likewise to *cherish springs*, i. e. to raise up or nourish the shoots of coppice-wood, or of young trees, groves, and plantations. The word *springs* is used in this sense by Chaucer, Spenser, Fairfax, Drayton, Donne, and Milton, as well as by the old writers on husbandry, Fitzherbert, Tusser, Markham, and by Shakspeare himself in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"———shall, Antipholus,

"Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?"

Again, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rows, groves, and *springs*, that are maintained &c. Thus far Mr. Tollet.

Dr. Warburton is surely unfortunate in the assortment of French words exhibited on the present occasion, since the *sest* never was admitted as a *noun* into the French language, nor can the latter possibly be claimed by any language at all. The attempt to introduce *passives* instead of *palms* ridicules itself.

The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Lav'd in a bath of contrive *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, B. II. c. ix:

"She to them made with mildness *virginal*." STEEVENS.

Whether the word *perish* be right or not in this place, Dr. Johnson truly observes, that it is sometimes used actively. In the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"———Let not my sins," says Evadne to Amintor,

"*Perish* your noble youth." FARMER.

Again, in the Second Eclogue of Drayton:

"And hath for ever *perish'd* my sale."

Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;

"———his wants

"And miseries have *perish'd* his good face." STEEVENS.

7 a decay'd dotant] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read  
—dotard. STEEVENS.

tended

tended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*2 Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

*1 Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: \* guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. —The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome,

\* —guess but my entertainment with him;] I read, Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards had proposed the same emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. STEEVENS.

and

and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods  
 assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon  
 this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath de-  
 nied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away !

*Men.* How ! away ?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs  
 Are servanted to others : ' Though I owe  
 My revenge properly, my remission lyes  
 In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.  
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than  
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
 Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,  
 Was my belov'd in Rome : yet thou behold'st—

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper, [Exit,

*Manent the Guard, and Menenius.*

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power :  
 You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are ' shent for keep-  
 ing your greatness back ?

' ———— *Though I owe*

*My revenge properly, ————* ]

Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of for-  
 giveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

—how we are shent] Shent is brought to destruction. JOHNSON.

Shent does not mean brought to destruction, but shamed, dis-  
 graced, made ashamed of himself. See the old ballad of the Heir  
 of Linne, in the second volume of *Reliques of ancient English*  
*Poetry* :

“ Sorely shent with this rebuke

“ Sorely shent was the heir of Linne ;

“ His heart, howe'er, was near to brass

“ With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.” PERCY.

2 *Watch.*

*1 Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

*1 Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*2 Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A Tent.*

*Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords, <sup>2</sup> how plainly I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have  
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd

<sup>2</sup> ————— *how plainly*

*I have borne this business.]*

That is, *how openly, how remotely* from artifice or concealment.

1

JOHNSON.

The

The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,  
That thought he could do more; a very little  
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,  
with Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curst<sup>y</sup> worth? or those dove's eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am  
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;  
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should  
In supplication nod: and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Voices  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Virg.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Virg.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so<sup>3</sup>.

*Cor.*

<sup>3</sup> *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.]*

Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words.



Cor. Like a dull actor now,  
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
 \* Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate<sup>s</sup>,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;  
 [Kneels.]

Of thy deep duty more impression shew  
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !  
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee ; and improperly  
 Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [Kneels.]  
 Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ?  
 Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?  
 \* Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillop

words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.

JOHNSON.

\* *Now by the jealous queen of heaven*.—] That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of conjugal perfidy. JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> —I prate] The old copy—I pray. The merit of the alteration is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

\* *Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach*

*Fillop the stars* : —]

The sea may in poetry be called *hungry*, or eager to swallow in its gulph the vessels that pass over it : So in *Twelfth Night* :

“ —mine is all as *hungry* as the sea ;” —

but this epithet appears to me less applicable to the shore. I suspect that our authour wrote—“ the *angry* beach,” which might have been easily confounded by the ear with what has been sub-

situted

Fillop the stars: then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[*Pointing to Valeria.*]

*Cor.* 'The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle<sup>s</sup>  
That's curled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor<sup>9</sup> epitome of yours,  
[*Shewing young Marcius.*]

stituted in its room. "The angry beach" is, the "wave-worn" shore "fratted with the gusts of heaven." So, in *the Tempest*: "—the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Again, in *Othello*, 4to, 1622:

"For do but stand upon the *banning* shore."—  
In *King Henry VIII.* we have—"the *chiding* flood;" and in *King Lear*—"As mad as the *vex'd* sea." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The noble sister of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking.

JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *chaste as the icicle, &c.*] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

"———thou art chaste

"As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

"Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

"Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———epitome of yours,] I read:

———epitome of you.

*An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude.* JOHNSON.

Which

Which by the interpretation of full time  
May shew like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of foldiers,  
' With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st  
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing <sup>2</sup> every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy.

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;  
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my foldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges, with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh, no more, no more!  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;  
That, if we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment<sup>3</sup>

And

<sup>1</sup> *With the consent of supreme Jove,——*] This is inserted  
with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *——every flaw,]* That is, every gust, every storm.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.]* "The  
VOL. VII. k k speeches

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We have led, since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which  
     should  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-  
     forts,  
 \* Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and for-  
     row;

speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than thrown the very words of North into blank verse.

" If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately, then all the women liuing we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his native countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the only thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemie can heape upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to foregoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their native contrie. For my self (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life time doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamitie of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." FARMER.

\* *Constrains them weep, and shake*——] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.

Making

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,  
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till  
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*Virg.* Ay, and mine,  
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
 Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me;  
 I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
 I have sat too long.

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn  
 us,

K k 2

As

As poisonous of your honour : No ; 'our suit  
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces  
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the Romans,  
*This we receiv'd* ; and each in either side  
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*  
*For making up this peace !* Thou know'st, great son,  
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;  
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;*  
*Destroy'd his country, and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :  
 Thou hast affected <sup>5</sup> the fine strains of honour,  
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
<sup>6</sup> And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?  
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :  
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the  
 world

More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,  
<sup>7</sup> Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she, (poor hen ! ) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,

<sup>5</sup> —the fine strains—] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> And yet to charge thy sulphur—] We should read *charge*.  
 The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be  
 merciful. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> Like one i' the stocks.—] Keep me in a state of ignominy  
 talking to no purpose. JOHNSON

And

And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees,  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end ;  
 This is the last :—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 \* Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :  
 This fellow had a Volce unto his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child  
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !—

[Holds her by the hands, silent.

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

\* Does reason our petition——] Does argue for us and our  
 petition. JOHNSON.

\* Mother, mother !—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch* :  
 “ Oh mother, what have you done to me ? And holding her  
 harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne  
 a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for  
 your spæe : for I see myself vanquished by you alone.”

STEVENS,

Kk 3

Auf.

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn, you were :  
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

*Auf.* I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy  
honour  
At difference in thee : out of that <sup>1</sup> I'll work  
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus,*

*Cor.* Ay, by and by ;  
But we will drink together <sup>2</sup> ; and you shall bear  
[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you <sup>3</sup> : all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt,*

## S C E N E IV.

*The Forum, in Rome.*

*Enter Menenius, and Sicinius.*

*Men.* See you yon coign o' the Capitol ; yon corner-stone ?

<sup>1</sup> ——— I'll work

*Myself a former fortune.]*

I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power, JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— drink together] Perhaps we should read *think*. FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> *To have a temple built you.]* Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

*Sic.*



*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He lov'd his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than <sup>4</sup>an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery, <sup>5</sup>He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us,

<sup>4</sup> —than an eight year old horse.] Subintelligitur remembers his dam. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> He sits in his state.] His state means his chair of state.

MALONE.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house ;  
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news ?

*Mes.* Good news, good news ;—The ladies have  
prevail'd,  
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone :  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true ? is it most certain ?

*Mes.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire :  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?  
° Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark  
you ;

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*  
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*A shout within.*

*Men.* This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

° *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.]*

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ *As through an arch the violent roaring tide*

“ *Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste.*”

*Blown* in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ————— here on her breast

“ *There is a vent of blood, and something blown.*”

MALONE.

A city

A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;  
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

*[Sound still, with the shouts.]*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mef.* Sir, we have all great cause to give great  
thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city ?

*Mef.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the  
stage, &c. &c.*

*Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before  
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother :  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

*All.* Welcome, ladies, welcome !

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]*

S C E N E V.

*A publick place in Antium.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here ;  
Deliver them this paper ; having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,  
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,  
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

*Intends*

Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.—Most  
welcome!

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impositon'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell;  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint servant with me, gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose,  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the same,

Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,——

*Auf.* There was it;——

2 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him,  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts  
of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,

1 *He wag'd me with his countenance,——*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the *Wife Woman of Hogsdan*, by Heywood, 1638:

“——I receive thee gladly to my house,

“And wage thy stay.——”

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: “——by custom common to all that could wage her honesty with the appointed price.”

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for wages. So, in Geo. Wither's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“Good speed befall thee who hast wag'd a task,

“That better censures, and rewards doth ask.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

“——must wage

“Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.”

STEEVENS.

2 *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd——*] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

Whose

Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounce'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more;  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,  
Where he was to begin: and give away  
The benefit of our levies, <sup>9</sup> answering us  
With our own charge; making a treaty, where  
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,

<sup>9</sup> ——— answering us

With our own charge; ———]

That is, rewarding us with our own expences; making the cost  
of war its recompence. JOHNSON.

That

That prosperously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought  
 home,

Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the Antiates,  
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,  
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—How now?—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think  
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
 Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome  
 (I say, your city) to his wife and mother:  
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears  
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;  
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
 Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?—

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears. —

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Auf. No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first lord*.  
 It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation,  
 TYRWHITT.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—  
Pardon me, lords; 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion,  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,  
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*All People.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[*The Croud speak promiscuously.*]

He kill'd my son,—My daughter,—He kill'd my  
cousin Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.—  
The man is noble, and <sup>2</sup> his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth: His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

<sup>2</sup> ———his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth: — ]

His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

*All*



*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Marcius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.]*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*1 Lord.* O Tullus,—

*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat  
Valour will weep.

*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet :

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know, (as in this rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*1 Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*2 Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o' the chiefeft soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :—  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury.  
Yet he shall have a noble memory<sup>3</sup>.—  
Affist.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead  
march sounded.]*

<sup>3</sup> —a noble memory.] *Memory for memorial.* See p. 464.

STEEVENS.

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

END OF VOLUME THE SEVENTH.







